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MRS. GEOFFREY DAWSON AND HER DAUGHTER BELINDA.

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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LOCAL PRODUCE

A PRIVATE correspondent who is very keen on propagating the doctrine that English people should make the greatest use possible of their own home products tells us of an instance which must be only one out of many wherein this habit is far from being cultivated. He was obliged to stop the other day for an hour and a half at Exeter, and betook himself to the street in order to buy something home-made that he could take home to his wife. What he hit upon was butter. It does not need saying that Devonshire is one of the counties in England most famous for the produce of the dairy. Devonshire cream is famous all the world over and so is Devonshire butter. Our correspondent set out in search of this article, but vows that he could not find any during an hour's search. His first attempt was made in a highly respectable and busy shop not very far from the station. It had the legend printed boldly, "The best butter, 1s. 8d. a pound," so he forthwith went in and asked for the best Devonshire butter. "We do not stock it," said the shopman. "The best butter is that," pointing to the article; "it comes from New Zealand." In the course of an hour the would-be purchaser of the native article went into seven different shops in which butter was sold, but in each case the reply was substantially the same. No one was out of it; no one made a pretence of expecting a supply, but all told that they had not it in stock; in fact, that they did not deal in it. On the other

hand, they were very keenly advertising the quality of New Zealand butter. It would be very far from us to decry New Zealand butter; we have frequently expressed the opinion in these pages that it is the best butter imported into Great Britain, but it seems to be going very far indeed in the wrong way to exclude the equally excellent butter of Devonshire.

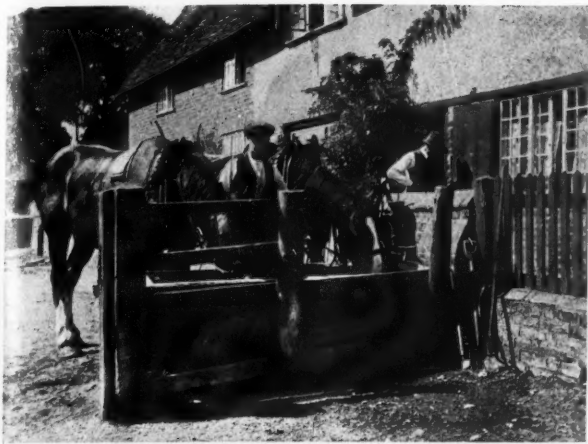
If but one article were concerned, or one county or one town, there would not be much reason for grumbling; but let us take another article of which everyone interested has had experience, and that is bacon. It is the commonest thing in the world for the sellers in large stores to dwell on the merits of Danish bacon. Here, again, they are speaking of a good article. The Danes send a bacon of uniform good quality to this country, but it is not comparable in quality with that which comes from our own bacon factories. No good judge will contest the truth of that statement. The huge trade in bacon established in Great Britain by Denmark is largely due, not to any supreme excellence in the product, but to the uniform standard which is maintained. A purchaser knows exactly what he will obtain for his money and is, practically speaking, never disappointed, even when his orders are transmitted by post or telephone. In taking the list of a multiple shop, we find that Danish bacon is priced at a little less than English bacon, varying from a penny a pound in the cheaper cuts to fourpence, fivepence and even sixpence in the better cuts. The British farmer's argument is that the supreme quality of the English bacon makes it worth the difference in price; but the answer is not satisfactory. The bacon factories now being established throughout Great Britain complain of considerable fluctuations in trade, and yet they let the foreigner obtain the greater share of the custom. It is evident that, in order to make progress, the British farmer must cheapen his cost of production. He has done so to some extent already by the establishment of bacon factories which do away with a considerable proportion of the old distribution costs. He also profits indirectly as well as directly. For example, he has not to waste time and money in journeying to and from markets. He can, so to speak, sell his bacon at the door without paying anything to middlemen. That is a step in the right direction; but, for it to win any great and substantial success, the process of cheapening production must be carried farther. Theoretically, the establishment of more bacon factories would do this, because at the present time many of them are too far away from the producers, and the cost of carriage is ultimately an addition to that of the bacon. Every installation of the kind needs a minimum supply and ought to know exactly what number of carcasses it can deal with. These, as a rule, are not sufficiently numerous at the present moment, because the cost of feeding is too high, and the only sure way of reducing it is by following the example of the Dane by keeping more dairy cattle, starting creameries and making butter, so that the milk offals are available as a cheap nourishing food for the pigs.

We have no doubt that the Devonian farmer's answer to our correspondent will be that it does not pay him to make butter, as he could get more for the raw milk. That would not be the case if he kept more cows and produced more milk than the retailers would take, provided that he turned the residue into butter. We cannot go at this moment into the facts connected with garden produce, but the same principles can be applied to them also. At any rate, it seems ridiculous that such a large part of the population of Great Britain should be dependent on foreign nations for their vegetables.

Our Frontispiece

MRS. GEOFFREY DAWSON, whose portrait by Mr. W. G. de Glehn, A.R.A., is one of the features of this year's Academy, is the younger daughter of the Hon. Sir Arthur Lawley, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., a brother of Lord Wenlock and formerly Lieutenant-Governor of the Transvaal, Governor of Western Australia and of Madras. She married Mr. Geoffrey Dawson, the present editor of *The Times*, in 1919.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES

It cannot be said that the spring of 1924 has lagged slowly up these heights. On the contrary, it has come with a burst, such as occurs in Siberia when the snow melts. Usually, spring passes with dainty steps like a fairy in a minuet. First come the early snowdrops in the garden and the yellow coltsfoot in the meadow, to be followed in swiftly increasing numbers by the catkins on willow and hazel, the earliest violets and primroses in sunny and sheltered corners, then by the cowslip and oxlip, the forget-me-not and that kindred flower whose "darling blue" was sung by Tennyson. This year they have all come together, primroses and bluebells in the woods, cowslips in the field, pear and apple and plum all blowing together in the garden. The wild cherry stayed for them as long as it could, but its bloom is past and its bloom petals are on the grass or the muddy road. Even the chestnuts have overcome their delay and are beginning to flower, and May, after a sorry beginning, has now asserted herself in all her glory as Queen of the months. "O June, O June, that we desired so" will quickly be here, and with it will bring the wild rose, she who usually marks the end of the pageant, when the bright colours of Spring merge into the brown of Summer.

It is, no doubt, good to read that 270 emigrants, of whom 170 are for settled work in Canada, have left the stormy Hebrides. Considering the hardships, amounting to famine, to which the inhabitants of the Scottish western islands have been exposed, it cannot be regarded as otherwise than a great benefaction that so many have found employment to which they have been accustomed. Yet that is only a second-best remedy; the best would have been to have found them work at home. The emigrations that took place a hundred years ago have, no doubt, produced beneficent results, but their immediate effect on Scotland can best be judged by the lamentation to which they gave rise. Beautiful lamentation it is. The lonely shieling and the misty island "Lochaber no more," and the rest of these dirge-like poems owe their beauty to no mere sentiment, but because they lay bare the aching of heart which the emigrations caused. It may not be the same now, because in 1824 Canada was far further off. Communication was difficult and slow, while few could look forward to paying even a farewell visit to their homeland; whereas, to-day, a letter travels to Toronto more swiftly than in the old time from the Highlands to London, and any industrious labourer may look forward to a trip to his dear islands and highlands after a very few years of patient work and saving.

It considerably modifies satisfaction at the new building programme to hear that the average cost has shown a distinct tendency to go upward since ever the housing policy of the present Government was propounded. The figures

given by a contemporary are as follow: In January £386, in February £389, in March £416, in April £425, and for May tenders have been received for over £500 and some nearly £600 each for the same house, that is to say, a working-class house containing a living-room and three bedrooms, but without a parlour. If this rapid jumping up continues, the result will be to ruin the scheme. Experience shows that only when the cost has a tendency to fall does the number of new houses increase. The result of what is taking place just now will be to load local authorities with burdens of which they are never likely to get rid without a terrible oppression of the taxpayer.

NEXT Monday sees the beginning of the week-long struggle of the Amateur Golf Championship at St. Andrews. A championship at St. Andrews has something more of glory and excitement than one on any other course. The only disadvantage is that golf is now so popular in Scotland that huge crowds swoop down on the links from Dundee and Edinburgh and Glasgow and make the task of players and officials rather a strenuous one. This year it will be an almost purely domestic festival as only one American golfer has entered. This is Mr. Brown of Honolulu, who is said to be one of the longest drivers in the world. Exactly how formidable he may be we do not yet know, but American golfers always command a great measure of respect. The prophets are already busy working out their prognostications for the draw and they have discovered that Mr. Wethered and Mr. Tolley may meet in the final. That would, indeed, be a dramatic combat, and it may possibly come to pass; but there is many a slip between the first round and the final, and there are to-day, especially when the championship is played in Scotland, so many players good enough to be giant-killers in a round of eighteen holes.

TREES.

Out of the dust of buried men
The trees rise up to heaven agen.
The swaying branch, the steadfast bole
Give pledge of an undying soul.
The little aspen-leaves are glad
With joys dead harvesters once had
Ere they within the tomb lay chill.
Dead passion makes the hawthorn spill
Her showers of lovely bloom above
Those who in life knew frustrate love.

Out of the wreck of ruined lives
The waxen-flowered chestnut thrives.
The singing thrushes in and out
Shake its green chandelier about.
The very breath of buried men
Burns through the crowded leaves agen.
For there mute poets, dead too soon,
Still listen to the thrush's tune
And praise through every bough that's blown
Songs that are sweeter than their own.

Who has not longed his life to lay
Aside, and steadfastly as they
Endure the seasons, giving grace
To spring with green leaves and glad face,
To winter showing sinews bare
Beneath the clouds and the keen air?
Who would not leave man's speech and thought
To be as they who suffer nought
More sharp of hurt, more soiled of shame
Than lovers' knives that carve a name?

WILFRID THORLEY.

GENERAL TOWNSHEND, who died in Paris on Sunday night, will always have a warm place in the memory of Englishmen. He was a brave and dauntless soldier, whatever may have been his weaknesses. He put up a magnificent defence at Chitral during the siege of that place, but his crowning achievement was his defence of Kut-el-Amara, Mesopotamia, where he kept a large force of Turks led by German officers at bay for one hundred and forty-three days. The Turks, who at times showed a chivalry not common to all combatants during the war, allowed

him when he was taken prisoner to keep his sword in token of their acknowledgment of his bravery. For politics, into which he afterwards entered, he was not constitutionally built, and it may be that he lacked the elements of a great commander, but this is no time to weigh these things too nicely. He served the country nobly and bravely at the hour of need, and amply deserves an acknowledgment of the fact now that he has passed where "beyond these voices there is peace."

THE first business premises have been established in Berkeley Square. From the heights of Hay Hill the vanguard of commerce had for long looked out over the pleasant plain of the Berkleians: smiled upon by Ares, Pallas and Minerva. Many years ago a band of intrepid shopmen fought their way up Berkeley Street and dug themselves in, not without suspicion of treachery on the part of some of the defenders. The news vendor, for example, reached his present forward position with the connivance of Jeames, an infantryman. Gunter, on the other hand, though he employed subtle arts for beguiling the arms of the Berkleians, is now become as one of them. None can set foot in his house without knowing he is in the house of an aristocrat. While the Berkleians held their frontiers, the enemy was engaged in overrunning other territories—St. James's Square, Lower Brook Street, Hanover Square. They crept round in the rear of the Berkleians into Davis Street and Mount Street, and obtained by purchase Devonshire Fields. Now this harbinger of evil presages a concentrated attack. Woe to the Berkleians; let them escape by running—down South Street.

AN unbeaten record is sometimes quite as much of a burden as a blessing, and the South African team will probably not have any very serious regrets over their first defeat last week. They fell before a county of great cricketing traditions, Nottinghamshire, and their fall was, in the last innings at least, largely brought about by two members of a great cricketing family, John and George Gunn. It was a fine, hard-fought game. At one time, when Nottinghamshire were within ten runs of victory with six wickets in hand, a tame ending seemed certain; but then Mr. Pegler took three wickets in an over without a run being scored, and it seemed for a moment as if anything might happen. However, there were no more disasters and the County won by three wickets. The best thing in the match was the play of Mr. Nourse, who, in the second innings of the South Africans, made 147 not out in a total of 236. Mr. Nourse is now nearer fifty than forty and had a feverish cold into the bargain, so that his innings may truly be called heroic.

WEMBLEY is looking its best just now, with all the trees in their feathery green—silver willows, pines, gnarled oaks, thickets of thorns. They have been worked into the plan, forming masses of green to set off the buildings to their best advantage. These thick trees, many of considerable age, make it seem incredible that the great buildings are the work of a few months. The discouraging reports of scouts, that the Exhibition was "nowhere near finished," did a good deal of harm, in stopping people from going to see. The paths were still being finished off, flowers were being planted, and a few of the amusements were incomplete. But otherwise the place was astonishingly perfect. These details have been practically polished off now, and the first million of visitors was achieved in delightful conditions. The best time to go is the morning, when the Queen's Doll's House is more easily accessible, or else the evening. Tea in one of the numerous restaurants, two hours' fun or edification, twenty minutes in the train and back in time to dress for dinner is, perhaps, the ideal way to Wembley.

IT is a curious but not unexpected circumstance that there is some danger of rats and mice becoming a nuisance and a plague at the British Empire Exhibition. However, the Council have taken thought of this in time and have engaged the services of the Middlesex County Council, while their own experts are constantly in attendance and are keeping most careful watch. The danger has increased

since the opening, and as it has become difficult to hold regular examinations of so large an area, it has been decided to ask for the co-operation of exhibitors in this work. Anyone noticing signs of rats or mice is asked to send information of the fact, giving the name of the building and particulars of the stand number and the bay or avenue, sufficient for the purpose of finding it. It is most important that these pests should be kept down, and that can only be accomplished by the co-operation of all concerned.

THAT a typical English sportsman loves a good horse and loves a good race each for its own sake and independent of national or racial feeling is strikingly illustrated by the keen interest which the French horse Epinard has aroused in this country. Many crossed the Channel merely to witness his race with Sir Gallahad III on Monday, and as the French are equally keen on the horse, the crowd at Saint-Cloud was enormous. The race proved to be well worth the trouble. The two horses ran neck to neck at the beginning, then Sir Gallahad got his head in front; but Epinard managed to take the lead for a while and the crowd were actually beginning to cheer in the belief that he was winning, when O'Neill made a final effort and Sir Gallahad got home by a bare neck. Epinard was defeated, but, considering the handicap, it was no dishonour, nor is his defeat likely to cause any diminution in public attention to him.

THE MIDNIGHT BELLS.

A Legend of Selsey.

There's sureye folks nigh Selsey Bill
'Z go to church at night,
Fur, though I've never seed 'em, still
I rackon as I'm right.

'Tis midnight, just about, they ring
A gurt big chimin' bell,
An' fur away they starts to sing,
All mixin' wud the swell.

Folk say Mus' Wilfrid used to preach
(Uz church's sunk below)
To seals an' such like on the beach
A purty time ago.

An', whatsumdever's wrong or right,
One thing 'z cert'n true:
There's folk 'z go to church at night,
Fur Tom 'z 'urd 'em too.

G. D. MARTINEAU.

MONDAY, May 19th, was the first occasion on which an Archbishop of Canterbury fired the charge of dynamite that officially begins the sinking of a coal pit as he did at Betteshanger Colliery. Lady Northbourne completed the ceremony by starting the winding engine that let down the master sinker and his assistants into the pit to send up the first earth. It was a dignified opening, and one hopes that the spirit exhibited on this occasion will not be found wanting when operations begin in earnest. Coal pits have been associated in the past with a great deal of unnecessary ugliness and confusion, also with houses that are disgraceful. Now is the time for men such as Lord Northbourne and Lord Beauchamp to take steps to see that, although the amenities of Kent must, to some extent, be sacrificed to this great industry, it is possible, without interfering at all with the work, to avoid desecration and to erect cottages with gardens that will be comfortable for the men employed in the work and no eyesore to the visitor.

A BIT of interesting though unconscious psychology appears in Mr. Harker's "Reminiscences" of Henry Irving, which was printed the other day in the *Morning Post*. It is that for the time being Irving was actually the person who he was representing at the theatre. William Telbin, who is accountable for the stories, propounded what he called the interesting theory that "Irving's moods depended to a great extent on the part he happened to be interpreting in the theatre at the time." When, for instance, he was the Vicar of Wakefield in the theatre he was amiability itself outside the walls; but when he was playing

Mephistopheles he could be deucedly unpleasant sometimes. It is a theory that deserves further examination. The true artist in the theatre or in a novel must, by the force of imagination, be the part that he portrays for the time being. At least, that appears to be the case; but the workings of the human mind are very diverse, and it would be rash to lay down such a rule as unbreakable.

SWEET are the uses even of broken bridges. In the recommendation to the London County Council by the General Purposes Committee, that a Commission of Inquiry be held to go into the *whole* question of London bridges, it is possible to see the first flicker of a new and happy day. Returning from a visit to any other European capital, where both sides of a river are delectable, it is a

nasty shock to see the Surrey side—neglected, despised. If the L.C.C. can reach an agreement with the Bridge House Trust, which administers the bridge-building affairs of the City, at length an end may be put to the ridiculous state of affairs which now exists, in which a space not three quarters of a mile long has three bridges, one little used, and is promised a fourth, while three other bridges, each half a mile apart, have to deal with the whole of western London. The Commission will no doubt summon the best expert advice on town planning and traffic control. Their attitude is already publicly approved. They have repeatedly said, and it is just now beginning to be realised, that a Charing Cross bridge is the end for the anomalies on both sides of the river. And then, one day, a Surrey Embankment, forming the direct route from Westminster to the City, may be constructed.

THE QUEST OF THE CURLEW

By M. G. S. BEST.

THE common curlew is a well known visitor to the moorlands of the British Isles. A bird of wide spaces and open country, it shuns the haunts of man and chooses for its breeding ground the lonely heather-clad hills where it may dwell undisturbed save for the sheep which roam these moors, and the occasional shepherd who tends them. On the Northumberland borders these birds are very plentiful during spring and summer, arriving on their nesting grounds in February if it is an open season with no snow, and leaving, for the most part, on their way to their winter quarters farther south by the end of July.

The curlew makes its nest in a large tuft of grass in open ground. At this time of year the grass is dead and bleached to a light brown with the winter storms, so much the colour of the bird that when she remains stationary it is almost impossible to detect her. One such nest was found for me by a shepherd whose dog disturbed the bird. He sent me a message that he had found a bird with four eggs as large as a goose's, and thought it must be what I was searching for.

She sat very close, and as a rule waited until one was within a few feet of her before moving. Once I could have touched her with my hand. On these occasions she lay absolutely flat upon the ground, neck and bill outstretched, the dark V-shaped markings of head and back giving her the appearance of an adder lying at one's feet.

When I first put up my hiding-tent by the nest she was very shy, sometimes standing on a neighbouring bank as motionless as the proverbial heron, sometimes walking up and down uttering that heartbreaking cry, "Koo-ëë, koo-ëë, koo-ëë." Once during that morning her mate returned and did his best to persuade her to go back to the eggs, driving her before him in a most determined manner; but she flew off to the shelter of the bank, where a desperate battle ensued, wings beating vigorously. However, when she made up her mind to come back, she walked up quickly and settled down, making as charming a model as one could wish for.

The male bird was generally near at hand, and joined her when she left the nest. Though exactly alike in plumage, their notes were quite different. At this time of year he has a long, bubbling call, clear and resonant at a distance, but low and coaxing to the last degree when with his mate. I have never heard so sweet a courting as that of the curlew in early spring. During April their call is heard from every hill-face. It is the loudest and most incessant of all the moorland cries. From dawn to dusk they call to each other. Flying from one observation post to another, always restless, never content with one place for more than a few minutes. But in May, when they are busy with their nesting affairs, the double notes of the female are seldom heard except when she is disturbed; and the cock bird is quiet, too, for he spends his time quietly feeding, moving about on the hillside sufficiently near at hand to keep a watchful eye



"A BIRD OF WIDE SPACES AND OPEN COUNTRY."

on his mate, to warn her of approaching danger, and to fly to her assistance should she call him.

On one occasion a crow came down to the nest, but was attacked by the curlew and several peewits which joined joyfully in the fray, all screaming as loudly as possible. They succeeded finally in driving the crow away, but not before he had taken one of the eggs and damaged another.

In the evening the sitting bird comes off for her meal, and visits the bogs and marshy ground in the valley below, wading afterwards in the shallow streams for her drink of water.

The moors are alive with call-notes in the early spring months. The cock grouse utters his "Kaak, kaak" from his patch of heather; golden plover whistle incessantly all around, running hurriedly to the next tuft of grass—a golden plover is always in a hurry, and always runs in jerks, as it were, standing perfectly still one moment, and the next running as if his very life depended on getting to the tuft in as short a time as possible. On the lower ground the resonant bubbling of the blackcock can be heard as he performs his curious display. But as the months pass on a wonderful silence reigns everywhere for the weeks the birds are sitting; only in the dusking does one hear the call notes in any number, as the birds move about in search of food.

In the autumn, curlew arrive in flocks on the mud flats bordering our northern shores. Where they all come from is "wrop in mystery," as the fishermen say. Some, no doubt, are our own British variety; some hail from overseas, showing the finer markings of the Eastern bird; while others, and these form the majority, are young birds of the year. These curlew remain throughout the winter, feeding on the ooze, with black-tailed godwits, golden and grey plover, knots and small waders. Always hungry, they dwell on the edge of the water, advancing in a long dense line as the tide comes in, or flying overhead like straggling wisps of smoke.

Towards springtime their numbers gradually diminish, a few at a time departing to their nesting grounds. Occasionally one has the luck to observe their departure. Once, early in April, I watched a string of them fly over the sandhills from the mud flats away to the west, winging their way in an easterly direction across the North Sea, whistling to each other all the time.

A few still remained on these shores when I visited them again in June, and may, no doubt, be found there all the summer through, as I have seen large congregations of them on the banks of the tidal rivers of Holland in August, feeding in company with gulls and oyster-catchers on the mudbanks left uncovered by the receding tide. But at this time of year they are very quiet, and seldom does one hear them call, and then it is only a clear double note. It is only in the spring that one can enjoy their call to the full. That long-drawn, sweet whistle of the curlew seems to express the wild charm of the moor, the solitude and vast spaces, as can no other of the feathered folk dwelling around them, and it is only in their courting days that one hears it in all its beauty.



"SHE MADE UP HER MIND TO COME BACK—



—WALKED UP QUICKLY—



—AND SETTLED DOWN, MAKING AS CHARMING A MODEL AS ONE COULD WISH FOR."

NOPAK

BY CAPTAIN W. D. M. BELL.

LOOKING north from the higher slopes of Mount Elgon, one sees an isolated mountain standing high and abrupt in the immense plains. It goes by the name of Nopak among the Bukoras, whose country lies to the east, while west of it live the Kumamma, the hereditary enemies of the Bukoras. Away in the dim distance the faint glisten of water may be seen: some part of what is called on our maps Lake Salisbury.

In the days when I used to trek from Elgon to the far northern countries I used to visit Nopak both on the way in—or "climbing," as the Swahilis called it—and on the way out, or "descending." And it is a remarkable fact that I never once failed to find elephant on it, and very good elephant at that. There were springs of good water at its base, and there was abundance of long spear grass. For some reason or other—probably connected with the drainage from the hill—the grass on the slopes at the base remained fairly green when all was burnt up or parched elsewhere. And then it held fine old bull elephant with exceedingly heavy ivory.

Situated as Nopak was, right in the middle of the neutral zone between Bukora and Kumamma, its springs were practically never visited by humans except raiders from either side. These raiders would never molest the elephant, being bent on other business, so that Nopak remained a kind of sanctuary for the old bulls. It held the further attraction for these sour old gentlemen that cow herds had never been known to visit it.

I will now try to describe the kind of affair a visit to Nopak became for me and for the natives of Bukora. In course of time our joint expedition to this mountain came to be regarded as a kind of tribal holiday and the excuse for much dancing and drinking.

As soon as it was known that my *safari* was approaching their country, either "climbing" or "descending," as the case might be, bands of fellows would leave the villages to spy out where the elephants were. For, although Nopak looks, from a distance, to be a single mass, it is in reality a little group of masses, and it would take two days' hard going completely to encircle the base. Generally, by the time we arrived in Bukora someone would be already there prepared to guide us at once to the spot where he had left his companions to watch the elephant they had found.

Our camp in Bukora was in a delightful spot under the shade of two immense wild fig trees. Here the main *safari* would be left while I, with one boy and half a dozen Mzamwezi ivory choppers, would depart with the impatient guide. I should have mentioned, perhaps, that at this time I was rewarding news that led to the death of a number of bull elephant with the gift of a heifer, while for a lesser number a young bull or bullock would be given. Everyone was out for the heifer.

The distance in a straight line was not too great to cover in a day, but if one did this, one arrived tired among the elephant; so what I used to do was to leave Bukora in the afternoon and camp a few miles from Nopak, and then on, fresh and easy, to the hunt next morning. This first camp was nothing at all, really. There would be my camp-bed and my solitary box containing everything I needed—cleaning outfit for rifle, a change of shorts and shirt, cartridges and food. No tents for anybody; the boys slept on the ground. An hour or two after my arrival, and when, perhaps, I would be stretched out on my bed staring up at the great African moon, people would begin to arrive. It might be noticed that they were mostly women, mostly young and mostly attractive. In an hour or two great numbers had

arrived. At first their little fires would be made far enough away from the white man's—or red man, as they called me—fire, but soon the little groups came nearer and nearer, as the heaving grunts of hunting lion or hyæna howls were heard above the chatter.

What a fascinating scene! Imagine it who can. It seems to me that imagination must fail; but let us try. The atmosphere must be right to begin with. Wonderful African night, still, cool, clear, brilliant and yet misty. Stars by the billion—trillion, I would say, since marks have monopolised the millions. Here, there and everywhere, by groups and singles, some upright, some bending, some prostrate, the shining ebony figures of nude African maidenhood. Note how they move. What poise, what perfect rhythm. Place a hundredweight on the top of that small head and no bend will occur in the tall, slim figure. Place a crushing load on it and it would collapse at the knees, maybe, nowhere else. Look at the beautifully formed breasts. One had not imagined until now that the human breast could be so completely and simply beautiful. The ancient Greek sculptors knew it. Then the skin: soft, smooth, and with a bloom on it of perfect circulation, of fresh young life. The waist has no queer, unnatural and inefficient slimness. They are splendid, these young women. And they surround one on all sides.

The bolder characters crowd close to the red man's fire without being pressed, while the more attractive and shyer ones are pulled and pushed forward into the circle of flickering light in the hope that his eye will note them and remember them on the morrow when the dividing up of meat begins.

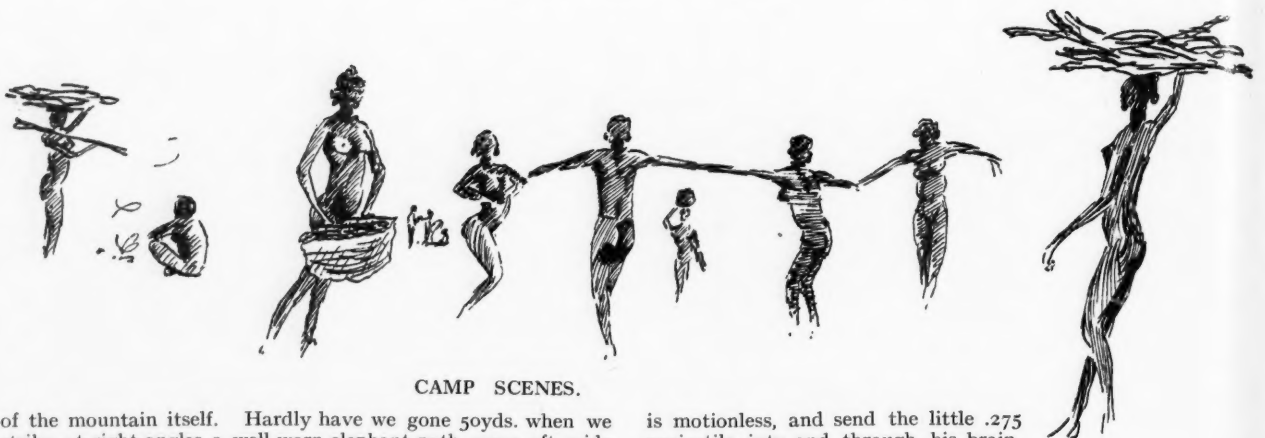
All these girls, with a few young men, are here to seize, cut up into strips, smoke and carry home just as much elephant meat as hard fighting and harder shouting can procure for them. Meanwhile, a little flirting comes by no means amiss; dancing in a mild way and without much noise starts up; smoke from the little fires all round me almost suffocate me sometimes; and finally we sleep.

Three hours before daylight everyone is sitting up by the little fires. The chilliest hour is at hand. Every one of the natives is nude, and the fires have almost died out. I dose off again while my boy makes coffee. I drink it, and make to go to sleep again; but there is such a suppressed excitement about, such an air of impatient expectation, that finally I roll out and the bed is promptly rolled up. Everyone wants to be off, and long before daylight we move.

When the sun rushes over the horizon we find ourselves close to the foot of Nopak. Leaving the open cotton-soil plains behind us, we are soon on the red sandy soil



Five enormous bull elephants coming towards us in single file.



CAMP SCENES.

of the mountain itself. Hardly have we gone 50yds. when we strike at right angles a well worn elephant path, some 3ft. wide and as clean and smooth as a city sidewalk. Now it is necessary to deal with the huge following; it can be seen straggling away into the plains slightly below us.

Choosing out some great beefy fellows, they are given some sort of temporary authority by merely being told by the "red man" soundly to thrash anyone who disobeys them. This is enough. Clubs are swung about in aggressive fashion, and soon the whole following of 1,500 to 2,000 natives is bunched up together and held in some approach to silence among some thorn trees, while the hunters follow the elephant road along the base of towering Nopak.

Presently we see ahead of us a native standing motionless by the side of the path, leaning on his spear. When we are within ten yards of him he turns without a word and speeds rapidly away ahead of us. We follow as hard as we can. The path dips into a hollow, branches off up a gully—where there is a spring—but rejoins the main path again on the other side of the gully. We cut across. Now the path begins to rise over a shoulder. We top it, and there, a hundred yards ahead of us, are five immense bull elephants coming gravely towards us in single file.

There is no vestige of cover for the blacks with me: no tree, no anthep, no stone, and not sufficient grass to hide a goat. Therefore they must retreat the way they came. When they are gone the scene becomes extraordinarily peaceful. How quiet those huge elephants are as they stride with padded sole along the worn path. There is hardly a sound in the still morning air. There are as yet no flies to worry them, so the great ears hang almost motionless. Trunks droop straightly; they have no suspicion that man is about or, if they are aware, they seem to treat his presence with complete indifference. Possibly these old fellows have haunted the springs and slopes of Nopak for a century or so.

Confident in their spear-proof hides and with their brains tucked away in the middle of their huge and massive skulls, they have no thought other than to stride placidly on. But their day is over. Painlessly and instantaneously they die, one after the other, shot through their poor old brains. It is a one-sided affair, for they are all down before they have time to realise what is happening.

Never were such grand tusks seen, except one which was broken. Soon the boys arrive, and, presently, the main body of meat collectors. Guards are quickly put on the different elephant. No one is allowed to cut meat except from the heads until these are clean and severed from the bodies. The ivory chopping-out gang then takes charge of them; after that the fight and scramble for meat begins. I retire to the shade of an evergreen in a gully, after seeing that all the favourites have been suitably rewarded with meat. Here I stretch myself on the camp bed and sleep. Presently I am awakened to find a native man has come with news. He has seen an elephant and not far. We go with him at a great pace, and after a few miles we see a solitary bull roaming quietly along, feeding as he goes. It is an absurdly easy shot. I sit down at a comfortable distance of forty to fifty yards, wait until his head

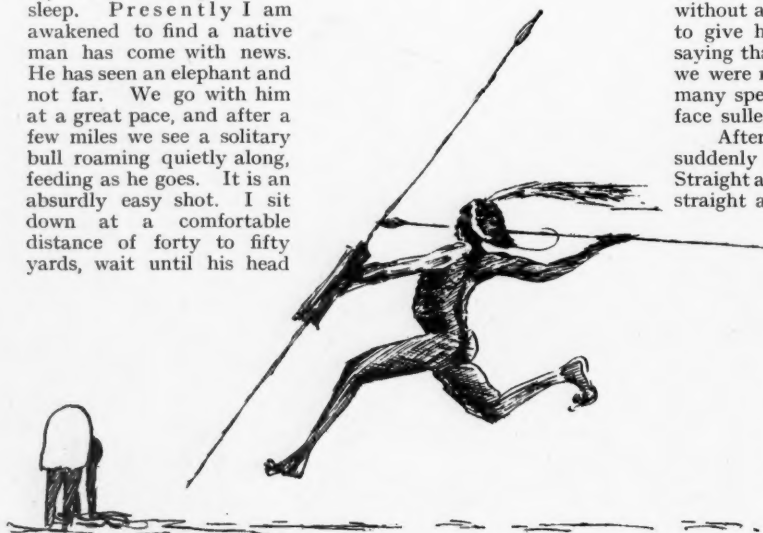
is motionless, and send the little .275 projectile into and through his brain, for it can be heard whining away on the other side of his head. The ivory of this old fellow is very heavy also. The lightest tusk—barring the broken one—in to-day's bag weighs 76lb. When in camp again it occurs to me that this getting of a single bull will be the first occasion of the sort. Up till now I had never killed a single bull to one man's information. According to my scale of rewards, he would be given a bullock, while the other native man who had led us to the five elephants would receive a heifer.

Next day was given to drying and smoking the meat. I could not leave the natives, as they were out in the neutral zone and might be raided by Kumamma if I left them. Even as it was, they were rather nervous, and I was uncomfortably crowded at night by their meat-smoking fires. However, I placed all the spearmen well on the outside of the huge camp and had most of the younger and more tender of the girls in the centre near my own little establishment; and I do not mind confessing that it gave me exquisite pleasure to lie there and watch these merry children half-dancing, half-working throughout the night.

On our return, all heavily laden, to Bukora, we found a great welcome prepared for us. In the evening the boys came for their rewards. No. 1 was given his heifer, and he and his friends cut her out of the cattle herd and went off at a great speed.

Then No. 2 was shown his bullock. Not a move on his part. Thinking that he did not understand, it was again explained to him that, as his effort had brought me one elephant, therefore he should receive a bullock and not a heifer; he was told to take it off. Still not a move or a word. I now looked carefully at him. I could see by his sullen expression that he was not satisfied. I therefore turned away and went to my tent, appearing to take no further notice of him. He followed and squatted outside by the tent door. I pretended to ignore him, and after half an hour or so I took a .22 pistol to try for a guinea-fowl in the bush about the camp. As I left camp I was aware that the truculent one had risen and was also moving. I thought that now he would go quietly home. Not at all, however, for presently I heard a shout from camp and looked round. Here, a few yards from me, was our friend in the very act of unsheathing his spears. I should explain that among these people the spears are kept very sharp and leather guards are worn to protect the edges. He remained motionless, looking at my levelled pistol, while I shouted for the boys, who came tearing along out of camp—eager, as always, to find a pagan in trouble with their bwana. I told them to unspear the truculent fellow, which they very quickly and roughly did; then we laid him out flat in front of a good gathering of his fellows, and the headman administered a sound thrashing in the quiet and ceremonial style for which he was famous. Our friend took it without a quiver or a sound. When it was over I told the boys to give him back his spears. They begged me not to do so, saying that he would surely murder someone; but I insisted that we were not afraid of anyone, and that they might all have as many spears as they liked. Taking his spears, he strode off, his face sullen, his eyes mottled and bloodshot.

After going about fifty yards in an ordinary fashion, he suddenly let go a hoarse yell and burst into prodigious speed. Straight across country he fairly flew, over or through thorn scrub, straight at one of our boys who was gathering firewood. When it dawned upon me that he probably meant to do the boy in, I yelled for my rifle. Then the whole camp realised the imminent tragedy and let off with one accord such a volume of sound that the distant boy heard, glanced up, and saw almost upon him a great flying black devil with spear up and ready. Like a flash he put himself going at right angles to the pagan's course; but, move as he would, he was caught almost at once in a masterly swerve by the flying Bukora, who leapt clean over the fleeing porter and pursued his way at undiminished speed until he disappeared over the horizon. What a sigh of relief, and then an uncontrollable burst of laughter. What a superb wag that pagan Bukora was. He became one of my personal friends, and I have no doubt that he is now a prosperous cattle owner. He called me "father" because I beat him.



THAT FRIGHTFUL PAGAN APPROACHED OUR UNSUSPECTING BOY AT A PRODIGIOUS SPEED.

THE CHEVIOT COUNTRY



BY A CHEVIOT BURN.

WERE it not so far away, the Cheviot country would be one of the most popular resorts of those who love to spend a holiday in lonely picturesque surroundings, with hills galore and the most beautiful streams babbling down by them. It would take an age to explore the whole of its great area, but a beginning may be very suitably made by spending a holiday in that mountainous region which has Cheviot Hill for a centre. The best way to reach it is to secure quarters in Wooler, a homely, ancient, little market town which stands at the utmost verge of the hills close by the river Till. It was a great barony in days gone by, extending far beyond Glendale and belonging to the family of Muschamps. The lowland district round it is as interesting as the hills. It presents, more or less, a state of ruin, with many old peel towers, the remains of fortified farmhouses and castles, all very necessary when at any moment the Douglas or another Scottish leader might come galloping over the Border

at Yetholm and so down by Mindrum and Lanton to the old Roman road which leads into Wooler. Near it is Homildon Hill, famous for the battle in which the fiery Hotspur won back the fame that had been eclipsed at Otterburn.

The best way of getting into the heart of the Cheviots in these days is by train. The Alnwick and Kelso Railway has a station at Wooler from which a short journey takes the traveller to Kirknewton. There, where the two streams, the College and the Bowmont, unite to form the Glen, the Cheviot country is already reached and the adventurous traveller has a choice of two modes of exploration. He may trace the course of the silvery Bowmont up beyond Yetholm to its source at Cocklaw Foot; on the other side of the mountain rises another beautiful stream, the Coquet, famous in fishing annals, and running away down that romantic country which leads to Rothbury. If the traveller takes a little time to consider whether he shall go up the Bowmont or up the College, it will give him an opportunity



BLACKFACES RETURNING BY COMMONBURN TO DUNSDALE AND GOUDSCLEUGH.

of studying a wonderful bit of scenery. These rivers are small enough in summer, but in winter, as can be inferred by the huge boulders that they have rolled down from the hills, they are roaring torrents whose waters have made a stony valley on either side of the stream. In summer it is one of the most beautiful sights imaginable, as wild flowers of every shade of brilliant colour spring up in the apparently dry watercourse which, nevertheless, has a reserve of liquid nourishment for every one of this gay company of weeds.

Our pictures represent flocks in great variety of surroundings. Sheep in summer seem to get into the very atmosphere. In

the evening they climb baa-ing and baa-ing to the tops of the hills till the sound seems to run into and become part of the very wind. In the morning they fill the air with the same soothing noise when they descend from the altitudes at which they like to spend the night, a journey which is accelerated by the collie dogs of the shepherds, anxious to get their charges down from



A CHEVIOT SHEEP-SHEARING.

was that which began at dawn of a June morning. It is associated in my mind with the call of the cuckoo, a bird not so numerous there as in the sunnier South, and, therefore, not tiring the ear with what a Scotsman in Kent called its "damned iteration." In the early morning, too, when beads of dew are still on the grass and bracken, it is interesting to watch Reynard hunting, all unconscious of a watching eye. You see his ruddy coat glistening now and then through the rank herbage in which he hunts for rabbits.

Birds, too, there are in great number. One of them is Shakespeare's temple-haunting martlet, which appears to be just as happy with a ruined shieling on which to nest as he would be near any temple. The sand-martin, too, is as numerous as he is anywhere in Northumberland, but the little prophet of the stream is the water-ousel which flits up and down from wet stone to wet stone and carries on the same craft as the angler. He does not do it so assiduously as the heron, which may be seen standing over the shallow water holding his great spear of a bill ready to strike. At your approach he rises and, with slow dignity, floats

round a bend of the river and sinks in the shallows again. The Mecca of the pilgrim is Goudsleugh, a name that may sound harsh to a southern ear, but it only means "the gold cleft." It stands at the foot of Cheviot, and an old legend will have it that gold-mining was carried on there before the Romans came to England.

P. A. G.



ALWINTON SHOW.

Alwinton is beautifully situated on the green meadows at the union of the Coquet and the Alwin.

the barren hilltops to the succulent grass produced in more sheltered quarters. Up and down by the side of the stream they travel to the washings, sheep-shearings and markets incidental to this side of pastoral life. It will be well to know that, although the road has been traversed by motor cars, it is not at all suitable to them, and lucky is the motorist who attempts the journey and does not incur thereby a heavy bill for repairs. Bee-keeping is a by-occupation of the peasants who live on the fertile soil of Glendale. Heather honey commands a much higher price than clover honey, a name bestowed on that which is gathered not necessarily from white clover, but from various other plants. The bees, therefore, are carried to the heather, the time chosen being that at which the oats begin to show their ripening colour.

Happy is he who loves the noisy little College water for itself alone, though, perhaps, happier still is the fisherman who is not so much engrossed in catching trout but that he can take some note of his surroundings. The pleasantest angling in the world, I used to think,



A TYPICAL SHEPHERD, WITH HIS SHEEP.

A STUDY OF CRICKET.—III

By E. H. D. SEWELL.

ENGLAND has not had a top-class fast bowler since N. A. Knox in 1907. The practice of fast bowling has fallen into desuetude. It seems to be too much like hard work for the timid sons of the Mother Country, though one hopes that that is not the real reason, and that at length another genuine fast edgewise bowler, who uses his body as well as his head and his arms and legs, will be found. Somebody with the heart of a Tom Richardson, the pace of a Kortright, the off-turn of a Lockwood and the stamina of a Brearley and a Richardson combined would be a good beginning!

Mention of Kortright reminds me of an all too brief chat I had with him, I think it was in 1914. We were sitting on one of those long tables at Lord's where, unpenalised, anybody may pick England elevens, even though he may not be wearing a grey toppler at the time. A university eleven was opposed to an M.C.C. team, and the 'Varsity (I will not say which it was or name the batsman) was batting. An immaculately clad striker was at the wicket, which is as it should be, for, to be sure, the omission to wear freshly pipe-clayed pads and clean flannels should be made a criminal offence. This Mr. Striker was of the new school of batsman. Ball after ball was more or less elegantly left alone on the off-side. I wondered how long

is to say, between 1900 and 1906. And yet, so far, nobody can oust him. Of course, the fact that he has not so much bowling to do and can to a certain extent select his moment helps him; but the truth, the plainest truth, is that batting is not so good as it was. That a certain number of promising young players realise this was shown by the remark of one of the M.C.C.'s last team to New Zealand in 1922-23. Out there, as is well known, A. C. MacLaren, long retired from county and Test cricket, played an innings of 200, at which those who knew him in his hey-day were not particularly surprised. But not so the Young Guard present. One of them said that until they had seen this display they simply did not know what batting was! And that puts the case for bygone-day batting in a nutshell. My view of the difference between then and now is that if, say, the England eleven of 1902 at Birmingham, which got the Australians out for 36 (Rhodes 7 for 17), could play a best of three matches this season against the next XXII, the XI would generally win by an innings. That XI was certainly the best England put in the field in this century, and, but for the absence of W. G. Grace, probably the best she ever had to represent her. If it can be said of any eleven that it had not a weak spot, it can be said only of this team so far,



THE PERFECT JUMP-IN.
Hobbs, the greatest post-war batsman.



P. G. H. FENDER.
Just before the final swing of his deceptive action.

"Korty" would stand it. At last, after a whole over, on a bright sunny day, had been "played" by the batsman stepping in front of all three and shouldering his bat, he exploded: "Wish they'd tried to do that in my day," he rapped out. And I, having often tried to stop him in the slips on a sunless May evening, know almost precisely what would have happened had "they" been so childlike.

There is another pet theory of mine, and I have reason to believe that it is shared by many of the older brigade. It is that bad bowling breeds bad batsmen, or, conversely, the better the bowling the better becomes the batting. There were three really class bowlers twenty years ago to every one there is to-day. Whereas in 1912 most men regarded Rhodes as a back number, and it was freely said that the Australians were only too pleased when he was put on to bowl, yet we now find him year after year easily first in the bowling averages twelve years later. How, otherwise, than by a falling off in batting can such things be, for it is manifestly impossible for a bowler to go on improving for ever, as Rhodes seems to do when, in spite of his being a year older, every September finds him *facile princeps*? One of the staunchest of Yorkshiremen assured me last season that in point of accuracy and spin Rhodes now is nothing like the bowler he was in the days of Yorkshire's greatest elevens, that

at any rate, as concerns modern cricket. That eleven consisted of A. C. MacLaren (captain), C. B. Fry, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, F. S. Jackson, G. L. Jessop, Tyldesley (J. T.), Hirst, Rhodes, Lockwood, Lilley and Braund. England batted first and made 376 for 9 (declared). Australia were dismissed for 36 runs. Rhodes' analysis was: 11 overs, 3 maidens, 17 runs, 7 wickets. Following on, Australia made 46 for 2 wickets.

The weather interfered with this game, and Australia had the worst of the wicket. This English eleven had, in MacLaren, Ranjitsinhji and Braund, the three best slips who have fielded for England in this century; in Jessop at cover and Hirst at mid-off, the best off-side pair in those positions; Lilley, the best wicket-keeper batsman, and he was playing on his own ground; Tyldesley, one of the two best batsmen and third-man-and-out combined; very high-class fieldsmen in Jackson and Rhodes; a good one in Lockwood, who also was one of the most destructive fast bowlers in cricket history; and finally—or, rather, firstly—in MacLaren a man who, *pace* his not always fair or accurate detractors, was one of the very best captains who ever wrote out an order. At all points a great eleven that one—almost without a weakness.

Believing that bad bowling begets bad batting, I see no reason why several of our best batsmen should not soon become



THE TRUE LEG-GLANCE.

D. J. Knight (Malvern, Oxford, Surrey and England), the most finished Public School batsman since F. S. Jackson, R. H. Spooner and A. C. MacLaren.



A PERFECT DELIVERY.

The best bowler in the world, Rhodes of Yorkshire and England. His action is based on first principles, so that he does not handicap himself from the start and—he uses his head.

as accomplished as many of the great batsmen of the past if modern bowling were better than it is. I cannot bring myself to believe that any batsman of the past eight seasons, excepting only Hobbs and Mead, would become such a classic as the three great exceptions "W. G.," Ranjitsinhji and Trumper, or the nine lesser exceptions A. C. MacLaren, Shrewsbury, F. S. Jackson, P. A. Perrin, Hayward, Tyldesley, R. E. Foster, C. Hill and Francis Ford. But if we could revive Lockwood, Richardson, N. A. Knox, Blythe, Rhodes (in his 1900-1906 form), Trumble, J. T. Hearne, C. J. Kortright and Hirst, we should hardly recognise the shuffling experts of 1920-23 in the real batsmen who would emerge from such an education.

The main fault in modern batting is the excess of footwork—so-called—that our leading batsmen indulge in. Much of the physical exercises seen are not footwork at all. They are merely excrescences, and, though frequently miscalled footwork in the Press, do not help to produce results in any way. The players would be better batsmen without them. The only English batsman since the war who moves his feet correctly, and necessarily, is W. G. Quaife of Warwickshire. I am aware that Hearne (J. W.) is sometimes quoted as a model, but a batsman who habitually steps back to play forward (on the rare occasions when he does play forward) cannot be a good model in any circumstances. On the other hand, one of the very best of modern forward players, Hendren, remains either No. 1 in the batting averages, or nearly so, even though his bat is not always plumb straight when he plays forward. This last-mentioned fact is the root cause of his unfortunate lack of success against the highest class of bowling in Test cricket, a lack of success that will cease in his case directly Test opponents cannot pit top-class bowling against him. On his form in English county cricket,

and by form I do not mean his total of centuries or his consistent scoring or his aggregate, but the way he plays and the strokes he makes in achieving such fine results, Hendren, as a batsman who is a frequent employer of the out-and-out forward stroke, should have been the one English batsman of all others to play and to score freely off the two Australian bowlers-in-chief in 1920-21. But against them he did not play his natural or his usual game, and, instead, we saw more than once a badly bent right knee and a crouching vacillating kind of attempt at a stroke, quite unlike the real Hendren. Against the Australians he did not play in 1921 as he did in that year against A. E. R. Gilligan of Sussex (2 and 102), against H. Howell of Warwickshire (34 and 72), against Barratt of Notts (80), against Bayes and Macaulay of Yorkshire (105), against the late James Tyldesley of Lancashire (0 and 106), or against Douglas and Loudon of Essex (103 and 12), these being his figures at Lord's in 1921. In that year he scored against the Australians in England consecutive innings of 20, 40, 52, 0, 7, 35, 7, 0, 10, 2 and 1, or 174 in 11 innings. I submit that this is a sequence such as a leading English batsman of the first six years of this century was incapable of producing, because he was accustomed to tip-top class bowling in his county cricket career, and therefore could, and did, cope successfully with similar class bowling when sent down by an Australian or a South African.

Sometimes, in the company of knowledgeable and experienced practical cricketers, I am asked how it is that both the late Victor Trumper and Hobbs did and do so well from a two-eyed stance. The last named, too, is held up to me as a living instance of a very strong back-player, while I condemn the two-eyed stance out and out and have always done so from its inception. My reply is invariably that my inquisitors have not watched the movements of these two players so closely as they



THE CORRECT STANCE.

The unluckiest wicket-keeper in England, and the best who has never "kept" for England. Oates of Notts and M.C.C.

should. Unfortunately, I have not an action photograph of Trumper to give here, but there is a very well known one of him, taken from point, showing him running in to drive. The illustration of Hobbs which I give here suffices. Though he and Trumper "address" the bowler "with both eyes," as C. B. Fry says all batsmen should do, the two-eyed stance in the case of both these great batsmen begins and ends there. Naturally, I did not have so many opportunities of close critical observation of Trumper's preliminaries when batting as I have enjoyed in the case of Hobbs, but I was not idle while I was fielding when Trumper was making a century in both innings of a first-class match for the only time in his sparkling career! No fieldsman, good, bad or indifferent, could be idle under such circumstances, and as the result of my close observation on that occasion I assert that after the first settling down to face the bowler Trumper never was a two-eyed stancer. Beldam's excellent action photograph proves that he was not, as there we see Trumper going in "edgewise" to



TOKENS OF LONG SERVICE.

The hands of a great wicket-keeper. Strudwick (Surrey and England).

to the line of the advancing ball; in fact, this is the true crashing drive, which is so extremely rare nowadays. As two-eyed stancers both these players, often cited as glorious examples of successful performers from that pose, are myths.

the ball, with his left elbow in the correct position. Most emphatically he is playing no two-eyed chest-square stroke, but just the perfect cricket stroke required.

Similarly, after the momentary quiescent period when he has settled down to look intently, two-eyed, at the bowler, Hobbs almost invariably goes through a movement, turning his left elbow out towards the mid-off country, which action in an instant converts him from a two-eyed stancer into a cricketer. Observe the jumping-in illustration published here. His action is entirely correct in every detail. The right eye is looking over the bridge of his nose in true "W. G." fashion, and precisely as Grace is looking in the famous Stuart-Wortley painting on a wall of Lord's pavilion. Hobbs's shoulder is pointing where it should, his bat has the uplift which precedes a perfect down stroke on

AT DEAL AND SANDWICH

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

THERE was some remarkably interesting golf at Deal and Sandwich last week—the professionals in the *Daily Mail* competition at Deal and the amateurs in the St. George's Vase at Sandwich. Naturally, the amateurs were rather outshone, but on the whole they played well and the scores in the St. George's Vase were a vast deal better than last year, when no British golfer could do better than 157 for the two rounds, and three Americans came in at the top of the list.

Of course, the outstanding event was the wonderful golf of C. A. Whitcombe at Deal. At Sandwich, on Saturday, I met a good golfer and distinguished critic, who said to me, "Was it the really big stuff? Was it as good as Mitchell?" I replied that it certainly was the big stuff and that, on the whole, it was as good golf as ever I had seen. After further reflection I am still of the same opinion and I saw both Braid's 291 for four rounds at Prestwick (with an 8 in it at the Cardinal), and Duncan's 291 at Westward Ho! It is difficult and dangerous to compare courses, but Deal is unquestionably very long—even the professionals thought the long flog home against the wind rather too much of a good thing—and Whitcombe's score for the four rounds was 289.

I never saw a winner yet who did not in some measure have with him that mysterious thing called the run of the green; and no doubt Whitcombe had it, but it would be a pity if too much emphasis were laid on the fact that in the course of his four rounds he holed four chips—three of them in a single round, his first. No one of them was outrageously long; each of them was little more than a long putt with a mashie from the confines of the green, and, moreover, he had the touch of this shot in such subtle perfection that on several other occasions his ball hit the hole or passed over its edge and set the spectators shivering and quivering with excitement. The only real piece of good luck that I saw befall him was at the sixteenth hole in the third round. It was a crucial moment in a crucial round. Whitcombe had hit a splendid tee shot and it was possible for him to reach the green in two. He went out for the shot and pushed the ball far to the right. There was an agonised groan from the onlookers because to the right of that green is not only a sandy, rutty road, but big, thick tufts of spiky rushes. We all had visions of an unplayable lie, a long depressing walk back to play another ball and a horrid seven at the end of it. However, Whitcombe's ball was not in the rushes, though it was mighty close to them; it was not even in a sandy, fluffy place; it was as pleasantly perched up on grass as might be, and he chipped easily up on the green, had a holeable putt for his four and got a comfortable five. That was lucky and everyone was glad of it, for a breakdown at that point would have been cruel.

Whitcombe's best round was undoubtedly his first of 70. It was a tremendous achievement to do a 69 for his last, but the conditions were then far more favourable. When he did the 70 there was a good strong wind blowing more or less straight up and down the course. It was not, from a long driver's point of view, of any very material assistance on the way out, because it bowled the ball over the green. At the second, for instance, it was very difficult to stop the ball; however high the ball was pitched in the air it bounded over, and fives were much more frequent than fours. On the other hand, the homecoming was desperately hard work. There was just one respite—a chance of a three at the fourteenth hole, which is some

190 yds. long. Otherwise it was slog, slog, slog, all the way. There was one inevitable five at the sixteenth and every one of the fours wanted a great deal of getting even for people who drive as well as professionals do. I met J. H. Taylor just after he had finished his first round and he was mopping his brow and shaking his head in his most delightfully eloquent manner.

I do not think I ever saw any man go more consistently straight from tee to green than Whitcombe did. His ball gave the impression of being shot out of a rifle barrel. Many good players can hit the ball truly time after time, but this deadly straightness seems to be a natural gift. It was the feature of his play with every club: his long iron shots and his pitches were just as straight as his drives. He seems to have gained an indefinable something of compactness since last year. Whitcombe has what is technically known as a "sliding" grip, that is to say, the club seems to play about loosely in the right hand and to drop towards the web at the base of the thumb. This was formerly preached as strict orthodoxy, but to-day nearly everybody "as is anybody" holds the club firmly in the fingers of the right hand throughout the swing. Nevertheless, "loose" is the last epithet one would think of applying to Whitcombe's swing. He does not control the club with the right forefinger, but rather with the little finger, which he crooks in a rather mysterious manner into his left hand. It is not the "overlapping" grip, for he holds the club in his palms; neither is it quite the "interlocking" grip of Sarazen; it is a grip, as far as I can see, of his own, and very effective it is. We have no brighter hope than Whitcombe against the invading cohorts of America at Hoylake.

And now for a word about the amateurs. Mr. Wethered and Mr. Gillies tied at the total of 149, a highly creditable one even though the weather was unusually kind for the seaside. I saw every stroke Mr. Wethered played because I was his partner. Therefore, I could not see Mr. Gillies, but I believe that in the second round he played magnificently, and, indeed, 72 with a seven at the fifth speaks for itself. He followed up that seven with a two at the Maiden and a four at the long seventh, which was heroic work. Mr. Wethered, although he had so good a score, was not quite his best self, for he had to do a great deal of recovering, and did it wonderfully. He might have played better and done a worse score. His 71 in the morning might have been a record-breaking round. He was two under an average of fours for seven holes and hit a glorious iron shot at Hades. Clearly he must be putting for a two, and, sure enough, a signal came from the top of the hill that he was dead at the hole side. Then, alas! he allowed for an imaginary "borrow" and missed this tiny little putt, and he next proceeded to take three putts on the ninth green. So what might well have been a thirty-two became a thirty-four.

In the afternoon he had one or two decidedly erratic periods, for he was in the water-jump at the fourteenth and cut his tee shot far away into some terribly rough country at the fifteenth. However, he recovered nobly both times, and his six and five at these two holes were better than many fives and fours done in less trying circumstances. He was rather erratic again in the play-off, but so was Mr. Gillies, who, after beginning by holing two splendid putts, missed some decidedly short ones. Mr. Wethered won with 79 against 81, despite a last moment spurt by his indomitable adversary.



THE CHASM.

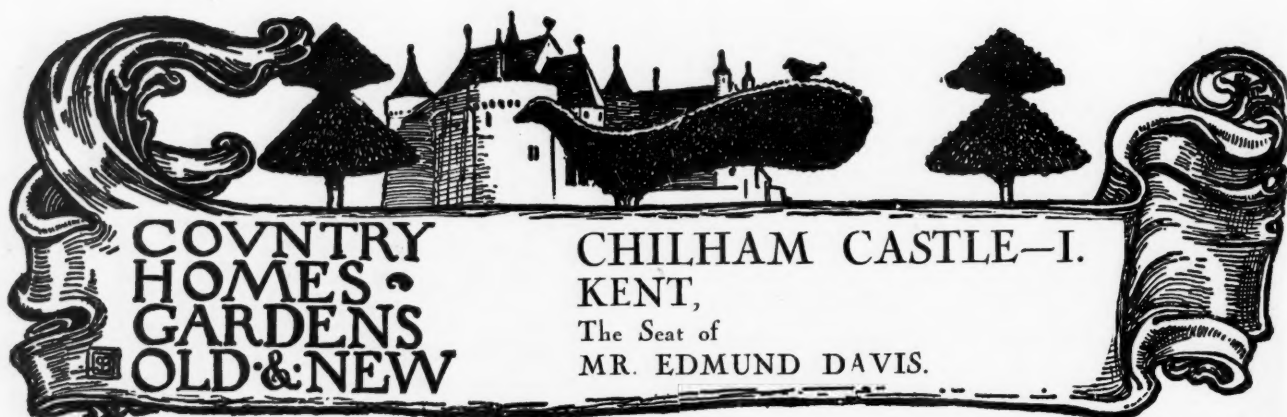
Alex. Kepples.



Copyright.

A CASTLE OF ROMANCE.

Alex Keighley.



FROM the platform on the chalk where Chilham stands—keep, house and village—the Stour valley winds to Canterbury north-eastward. It was Bishop Wilberforce who looked down from the castle roof and said that, if he were asked what he most desired in the world, he would say, "To possess all that I can see from this tower, with Canterbury Cathedral for my private chapel." The avenue from the village to the house now hides the spires of Canterbury. But still the soft valley lies below, the river swelled into a lake at the foot of a gentle slope before the terraces; feathery woods beyond, whence spring the low folds of those downs which the Stour, cleaving through in the manner of the Mole and Wey, has separated from heights to the westward.

From Roman—some say, from prehistoric—times Chilham was fortified. It commanded the narrowest part of the Stour valley and the way from Canterbury to Ashford or Ashford to Canterbury, where a track came in from the north from

Faversham. Thus it divided North Kent from South Kent, and, while it was held, Dover could not lose communication with London.

The old way along the downs from Salisbury Plain to the Channel ports threaded its way from Charing, round the shoulder of the downs at Eastwell, where, from running south-east, they turn north-east, through Godmersham Woods into Chilham Park; and the village, doubtless, grew upon the track, where, in dry weather, the travellers left the high ground and took to the valley, either straight along to Canterbury or up again at Old Wives Lees, and so over above Chartham to Harbledown.

There is no doubt that Chilham was a Roman station, or that it was one of the strong places of the kings of Kent. In Norman times, owing to its importance to Dover, the castle was under the command of the Constable of Dover, and, as more peaceable times came round, was a desired living place. The Badlesmeres built a vast mansion here and lost it; but



Copyright. 1.—THE DOORWAY, BUILT BY SIR DUDLEY DIGGES IN 1616. 'C.L.'



Copyright.

2.—THE DESIGN OF CHILHAM IS ATTRIBUTED BY TRADITION TO INIGO JONES.
The entrance front, restored by Mr. Herbert Baker.

"C.L."



Copyright.

3.—FROM THE EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The plan is that of a hexagon, a short side alternating with long sides.

its grandeur struck all who saw it, until one of the Chenies, in Henry VIII's time, took it down and carried the materials to the Isle of Sheppey for the fashioning of his great house of Shurland there.

So the grey keep stood alone until the place passed to Sir Dudley Digges, who in 1616 built the present house.

Both Sir Dudley's father and grandfather were eminent mathematicians. Thomas Digges, his father, lived to the age of eighty-one, and died at Chilham only two years before his son, in 1636. Sir Dudley himself, who was a lawyer, subsequently became Master of the Rolls.

There is, perhaps, some connection between the cast of mind prevalent in the Digges family and the geometrical form of their house. It is designed, by somebody who was a master of his craft, as a regular hexagon with one side missing. In Walpole's time there was a tradition that the design was the work of Inigo Jones.

If there is any truth in this attribution, and there are no means of proving it one way or the other, the house is of utmost interest, since it would be a unique example of Jones's work in

the vernacular domestic style, designed at a time, moreover, when his abilities were at their fulness and he was newly returned from studying Palladio's buildings at Vicenza. He arrived back in England in 1614. The Banqueting House was built in 1619, only three years later than Chilham, and the designs for the Star Chamber, though never carried out, were equally Palladian in form and were drawn in 1617.

But the earliest known architectural design of Inigo Jones, among the Burlington-Devonshire drawings, is dated 1616 and is of a semi-Jacobean type. It is, therefore, less incredible than would at first appear that this is the earliest known building of the father of Italian architecture in England. For the characteristic of Inigo Jones was his power of assimilation. In Italy he assimilated Palladio and the earlier architects, such as Brunelleschi and Sanmichele. He must, too, have beheld the baroque buildings of Borromini, Carlo Maderno and their followers, though they were, at the time of his visits, almost confined to Rome. Yet the designs he produced on his return were entirely his own. The originality of his mind appears in all its strength when we remember the tremendous



4.—NEW STEPS, BEAUTIFUL WITH THE PLAY OF LIGHT ON PLAIN BRICK SURFACES.

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impression Italy, the home of his dreams, inevitably made upon him.

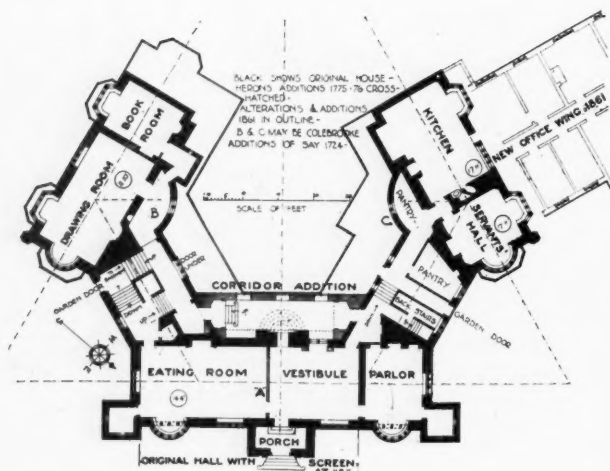
It was, then, his ability for looking back past the prevailing baroque of Italy that made him the supreme master that he is acknowledged to be. But even more did he hold aloof from the vulgar Teutonism of contemporary English architects. If, in his first designs, he did adopt the traditional style, he used it with an originality and, even then, with a mastery far above his compeers. Chilham has a unity of conception and a regularity of plan ahead of anything that Thorpe or the Smithsons ever contemplated. The management of the front and right and left wings, the axes of which give the direction for the sides of an equilateral triangle, as seen in the plan, contrives that from every point of view a regular but complete elevation is presented. Here is no mere bending of a uniform façade into five folds. The front is long and dignified, and yet does not interfere with the regularity of the figure. The short sides (Fig. 4) have gables and bow windows which give them a wholly different appearance from their neighbours; on their recessed faces there is a play of light and shade which sets off the turrets and angles of the

other sides. Even the chimney stacks in this complicated plan each play a vital part in the design, which, in view of the internal difficulties, is an amazing feat, and alone indicates a practised hand. The architect obviously realised that the "quaint" Elizabethan style was admirably adapted for a "conceit," so determined to use it in a plan that gave its gables and turrets full play.

Thus Chilham is a very much closer knit composition than any of the geometrical buildings of the sixteenth or seventeenth century; more complex than the triangle of Longford Castle, the symbolic trinity of Rushton Lodge, or any of John Thorpe's conceits. Vernacular though the medium may be, this type of plan is far more Italian than English. There is the fortress-palace of the Cardinal Alexander Farnese, which encloses a circular court. It was completed half a century before Jones' visit, and even if he never saw it, he could not have failed to hear of it. Vignola's classic pentagon of Caparola was another stimulus to ingenuity. There can be little doubt, though, that the Digges' trait of mathematics must be held mainly responsible for the shape. Sir Henry Wotton very possibly had



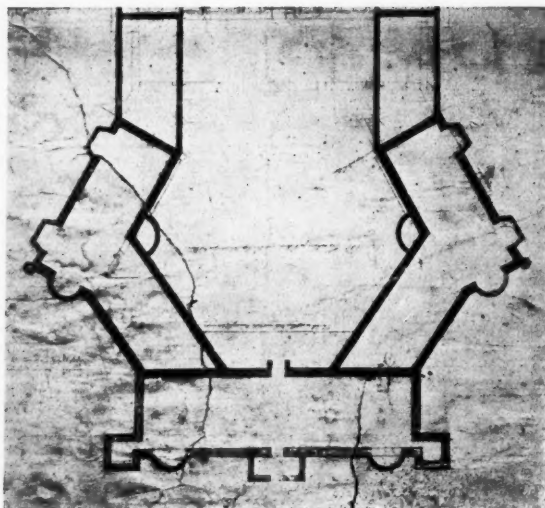
5.—TERRACES, COEVAL WITH THE HOUSE: SHRUBS OF GREAT AGE STILL CLING TO THEM.



6.—THE GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

Chilham in mind when, in his "Architecture," he deprecated polygonal plans. His own home, Boughton Malherbe, where his brother lived at this time, is only a dozen miles away.

Mr. Arthur Bolton, writing on Chilham in these pages before the house had been altered by Mr. Davis, summed up the pros and cons and decided in favour of Inigo Jones having



7.—PLAN ATTRIBUTED TO INIGO JONES.

made out the design. Since then Mr. Charles Hardy, formerly of Chilham, has presented a most interesting plan of the buildings to the Royal Institute of British Architects, which is labelled as definitely by Inigo Jones. A close examination of the plan does nothing, however, to confirm this attribution. The plan is undoubtedly of the time of the building of the house, but



8.—SHAPED YEWS, LIKE GIGANTIC CHESSMEN, BLACK AGAINST A YELLOW SKY.

the handwriting on it appears to be considerably later, and is not Inigo Jones's. But it shows that it was originally intended to have the principal front facing south-west, where the central door was to be flanked by semicircular turrets. This wing would have been connected with the existing "horns" of the plan by two short parallel ranges. Written on the plan in red ink, in an apparently later hand, are the following: "N.B. The outlines for the House upon the map to be taken from the Plan." In the west corner of the court: "Here ends the House." And against a line parallel to the court side of the north front: "This to be an out line and the bows and other lines crossed to be omitted." Mr. Herbert Baker has compared various mullion, transom and plinth mouldings with mouldings at Cobham, a house also, doubtfully, attributed to Inigo, and found them similar. These facts suggest, if anything, that Inigo did not design the building, but that the same unknown individual planned both Chilham and Cobham.

The records of Chilham's building are scanty in the extreme. The fullest is the legend above the front door (Fig. 1), where, in the architrave, is cut the legend: "The Lord : is my : house of : defence : and my : Castle"; and below: "Dudley : Digges : A.D. : 1616 : Mary : Kempe." The words are separated by the triglyphs of the frieze. From the church registers, however, it is known that the house was occupied but not completed in that year. Two entries in it refer to workmen engaged on the new house: "Simon Rennet one of the workmen under Mr. Smith on Sir Dudley Digges his work was buried here the 28th August 1616. His dwelling was at Chiswick in Middlesex." "Humphry Battle was buried the 30th Sept 1616. He was a labourer with Mr. Smith." Yet on July 3rd of the same year "Mistress Ann the daughter of Sir Dudley Digges of Chilham Castle" was baptised in the church there.

Smith was, no doubt, the supervisor, and, very probably, a London man, who had brought down most of his workmen with him. The Digges family was, incidentally, not unconnected with Chiswick, for there is the tomb in the church to Sir Dudley's sister, Margaret, wife of Sir Antony Palmer, "whose goodness where shee lived and died, since it cannot be buried in Putney, needed noe epitaph."

Later on the records become more explicit, and deal with the structural vicissitudes of the building. The principal source for such facts is Mr. T. Heron's manuscript, "Antiquities of Chilham," dated 1791. Mr. Heron, who came from Newcastle-on-Trent, was living there in 1790, when Hasted published his history. In the history he is responsible for filling several pages with his pedigree, showing his connection with the Herons of Ford Castle, Northumberland, and proving him to be the heir of the Herons of Bokenfield. Presumably he was extremely wealthy; and he was undoubtedly interested in archaeology, as not only the book he wrote but the attention he gave to the old buildings testifies. It was he who restored the keep to something approaching its original condition after his predecessors had used it as a brew-house. It remained, however, for



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9.—THE COURTYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



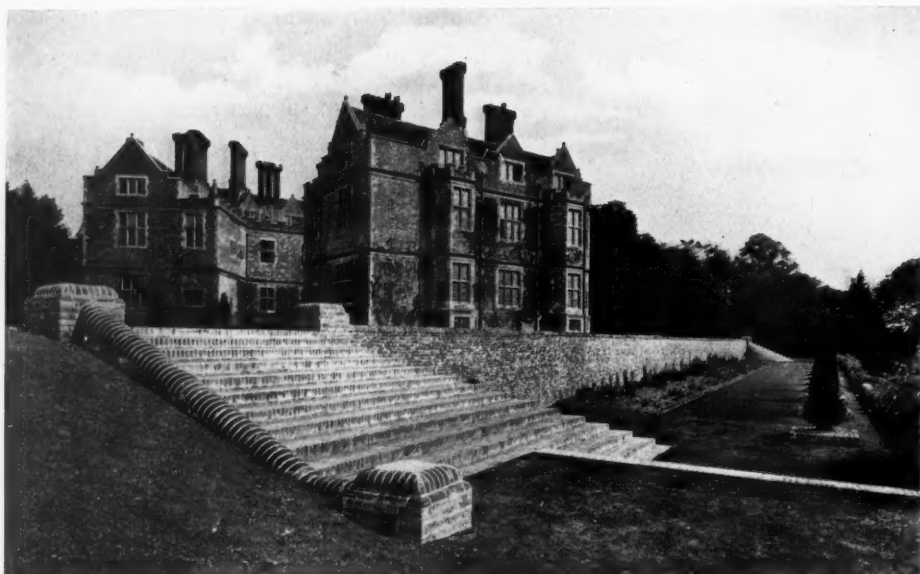
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10.—FROM THE OLD CASTLE KEEP.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



11.—THROUGH THE MISSING SIDE OF THE HEXAGON.



Copyright 12.—THE UPPER TERRACE. EXCELLENT NEW STEPS. "COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright 13.—DOWN BEYOND THE LAKE. THE KEEP ON THE LEFT. "C.L."



Copyright 14.—THREE OF FIVE SIDES. "COUNTRY LIFE."

Mr. Davis, the present owner, to convert it from a water tower into a residence for two such admirable tenants as Mr. Charles Ricketts and Mr. Charles Shannon. The keep will be described in a subsequent article.

The first important alteration to the house was the construction by Heron, in about 1775, of a corridor in rear of the hall, connecting the corridors in the other wings. This was a necessary addition. The next changes centred round the oriel window over the front door. In the earliest drawings of the front, such as that signed "Ant. Lescallier, 1777," the whole wall space above the door is shown as occupied by a great double-transomed window of eight lights, the four centre lights projecting in an oriel. This was in position in 1784. Between 1784 and 1805, however, it completely disappeared, since it does not figure in the "Beauties of England and Wales" plate of 1808, and a four-light mullioned and transomed window of wood was substituted.

Sixty years elapsed before the sinister figure of Chilham's latter-day history appeared on the scene, in the person of Mr. David Brandon. Very possibly the house was in a bad state of repair and further accommodation was needed. Chilham is not an easy house to extend. Brandon's servants' wing is admirably unobtrusive. It had been well if his other alterations had been equally so.

He replaced the light oriel above the front door, but with one of excessive weight. He also reduced the height of the room that lay behind it. Formerly this had had a ceiling higher than the rooms on either side of it, as was indicated externally by the higher windows. Brandon carried through all the ceilings at one level. Though Mr. Herbert Baker, who restored Chilham for Mr. Davis, has reverted to the original fenestration—with a very great gain in the effectiveness of the façade—he has not gone back to the original height, as one room now occupies most of the centre of this side of the house.

One of Brandon's worst offences was the substitution of the delightful semicircular bow windows at the end of the side wings, which related the building to such houses as Burton Agnes, by angular Gothic bays of one storey only in height. These have now been removed and bays of the original pattern have been restored. The courtyard was the next part to receive attention, and has never been put back to its original condition. There the walls were brought forward on all sides but the hall side, which had

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already been thrown forward by Heron. The additional space must have been most welcome inside the house, though its loss in the court is unfortunate. Horrid little turrets were added every here and there, and plate glass was put in all the windows. The house was, in fact, deprived of all the character it could possibly part with without actually having the sixth side filled in. It remained for Mr. Davis, with Mr. Baker's assistance, to put the exterior back to something like its original condition. The restoration work inside, which will be described next week, was even heavier, though the result is necessarily negative rather than positive, so far as old fixtures are concerned.

The gardens are of exceptional beauty. The hillside has been terraced at some distant date—probably soon after the building of the house—with four long brick containing walls. The upper one of these was adorned by Mr. Brandon with a curious parapet formed of bisected sections of drain pipes piled one on the other. Stucco flights of steps led from terrace

to terrace. The former have been removed altogether and the latter replaced by most pleasing brick steps radiating in a three-quarter circle at the corner nearest the house (Fig. 4), and in two sides of a square at the distant end (Fig. 11). The lowest terrace is broader than any of the upper ones, so that there is ample space for a lawn tennis court between the wall above it and the huge yew trees clipped into shapes like giant chessmen. Against these walls are trained every kind of shrub that likes the sun and chalk soil. There is among them a Judas tree of very great age.

The buildings appear to their best advantage from across the lake at the bottom of the slope. There the old grey shape of the keep, the pink walls and pinnacles, loom softly above the strips of brown terraces and shaped yews, over the feathery green of the orchard in the middle distance, and the more intense verdure of the meadow by the waterside in the foreground.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

DING DONG BELL

Ding Dong Bell, by Walter de la Mare. (Selwyn and Blount, 5s.)

WITH incomparable skill Mr. Walter de la Mare has woven into this book a number of noble and queer thoughts about death. It is hard to divine what he meant by the whimsical title, but a guess may be hazarded. As they stand, one can hardly repeat these three words without adding "Pussy's in the well," and habit forced us to run ding dong into a two-syllabled word as in a phrase like a ding-dong battle; but the tolling of a funeral bell is slow and solemn; it is not ding-dong, but Ding Dong, Ding Dong, with a pause between the words, they solemnise the gayest listener. Whereby the author possibly meant to indicate that Mors is not altogether a pallid and horrible apparition, but sometimes a friend to be greeted lightheartedly, one who comes not to terrify but to finish and crown. Mr. de la Mare ushers him in with comfortable words from great authors not unworthy to stand beside the sentences similarly used in our Book of Common Prayer, "Man that is born of woman," etc.

Of the nine quotations that guard the entrance to these new meditations among the tombs, three are from Sir Thomas Browne, two from Robert Burton, one each from Shakespeare, John Webster, Plato and John Wyclif. In the opening Sir Thomas Browne propounds a question that is as freshly suggestive as on the day it was written:

Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time?

The verse that follows is from Shakespeare and, familiar as it is, makes one pause to enquire why of all the noble utterances on death this should have been selected. As a matter of fact, it is most exquisitely appropriate to the book—a summary in one light verse of all humanity has to say when guessing and speculation are ruled out, and the wood-note wild grows on the thought like wild flowers on a tomb:

How should I your true love know from another one?

By his Cockle hat and staffe, and his Sandal shoone.

He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,

At his head a grasse-greene Turfe, at his heeles a stone.

From the other noble numbers one only shall be selected, but it is the briefest, the most touching, the most deeply suffused with humanity:

Crist sparid not to visyte pore men . . . in the colde greve.

This is the overture meant to attune the mind to the play that follows. It is a play with a purpose, that being to show by imaginative methods the manner in which men of divers characters, attainments and temperament depart from that temporary hostelry we call life. Mr. Walter de la Mare has long been subject to the fascination of epitaphs. A collection of these forms the essential part of his book; but they are not supplied in the manner of an antiquary or collector, but presented through a very attractive piece of literary machinery. In reading, one passes quickly from one state of belief into another. At times the tombstone inscriptions seem so natural and true to character that they compel a belief that they were actually copied from old burial stones. That belief does not last long because as we turn the leaves small poems are discovered that have accent, sentiment and even shape of the poems associated with the name of Walter de la Mare, and they are distinguished by all his delicate discrimination. Take this of the three sisters as an example. It is realistically introduced—"there's their cypresses, and, in the shade beneath, you should

catch sight of the urns. Terra-cotta, ma'am; three." But is not the epitaph a de la Mare poem?

Three sisters rest beneath
This cypress shade,
Sprightly Rebecca, Anne,
And Adelaide.
Gentle their hearts to all
On earth, save Man;
In Him, they said, all Grief,
All Wo began.
Spinsters they lived, and spinsters
Here are laid;
Sprightly Rebecca, Anne,
And Adelaide.

Of many others bearing tokens of the same authorship, here is another that has the author's inimitable imprint:

Here sleep I,
Susannah Fry,
No one near me,
No one nigh:
Alone, Alone
Under my stone,
Dreaming on,
Still dreaming on:
Grass for my valance
And coverlid,
Dreaming on
As I always did.
"Weak in the head?"
Maybe. Who knows?
Susannah Fry
Under the rose.

Even the briefness of this speaks of the same personality:

J. T.
Here's Jane Taylor,
Sweet Jane Taylor,
Dark,
Wild,
Dear Jane Taylor.

Equally might the same be said of this, supposed to be copied from "a little odd stone at our feet, almost hidden in brambles":

Be very quiet now:
A child's asleep
In this small cradle,
In this shadow deep!

One more:

Here lyeth our infant, Alice Rodd;
She were so small
Scarce aught at all,
But a mere breath of Sweetness sent from God.
Sore we did weepe; our heartes on sorrow set.
Till on our knees
God sent us ease:
And now we weepe no more than we forget.

These are beautiful pieces of verse, and they will be treasured the more because they are wrapped in a prose worthy of them.

The criticism to which these epitaphs lie open is that the art employed upon them is too apparent, *ars est celare artem*. Absolutely perfect things should be more akin to the homely verse quoted from Shakespeare. Here, the great poet, who could command every note and key, sings with the simplicity and manner of an ordinary rustic. We almost see him as we read the words, "He is dead and gone, Lady, he is dead and gone." Add a shake of the head and the portrait is complete, and what is left he tells with the barest truth, "At his head a grasse-greene Turfe, at his heeles a stone." Shakespeare there expresses the deep-rooted country instinct. No rustic could have stated the facts more simply.

P. A. G.

THE SECRETS OF MR. W. H. DAVIES.

Secrets, by W. H. Davies. (Jonathan Cape, 3s. 6d.)
THE *Secrets* of Mr. W. H. Davies are the little poems that each occupy a page of this book and can be compared to the dew that trembles on the blade of grass or the morning mist that throws a million beads of light on swaying cobwebs. Mr. Thomas Hardy has said that every poem is the outcome of a mood, and Mr. Davies is a poet of many moods. Books and men he does not require. His simplicity is untainted by schools and philosophies, his songs as unstudied as those of a bird, effortless as the voice of the brook. But no image of the man and his mind is better than the one he draws of himself:

"The power was given at birth to me
To stare at a rainbow, bird or tree
Longer than any man alive
And from these trances when they're gone
My songs of joy come one by one."

This explains his curious zest in himself. His art is himself, strong, passionate and solitary. Nature is his companion and inspirer. Yet often a dread companion, for even within sight of heaven she suddenly drags him to earth and "down underground," as a terrible poem has it, he burrows appalled at the secrets she hides. Is it truth she hides, or is she, too, an illusion, beautiful and betraying to the famished spirit of the poet? For ever in Mr. Davies we feel that, though Beauty satisfies his thirst for beauty, he rises from his knees stricken with the remembrance of its impermanence. It lives only in his own brief vision which is hastening to oblivion. His temperament makes this consciousness ever-present. Yet were it not for that we could compare him with Theocritus, for he is as simple and unobtrusive and buries his nose on the thymy hillside or watches the kids leap with just the rapture of the Idylls. But regret at their passing is seldom found in the antique poet. The wolf devours, Death snatches Beauty, the goatherd ceases to sing. They are but clouds that momentarily haze the sun. The Greek is so at one with Nature that his acceptance of her cruelties is hardly noticed. Our ancient countrymen who raised the swelling tumult with their hidden treasures over the loved sleepers responded to the melancholy of grey skies and the fidelities required of a hard soil. Close, constant, untiring labour united family and clan. The earth was their ultimate conqueror. But they had not flitted over it. They had wrestled with it, they and theirs. Did a battle so serious mean nothing, and were those bound together by suffering here to be denied the happiness and reward of a hereafter? The comparison will not stand too close scrutiny. But the unreflecting joy of a poet of the south and the reflective joy of a poet of Celtic temperament and heritage must be dissimilar. Yet, being children of Earth and sharers for the moment of her beauty, they sing the sweetness of life, so that the heart of the hearer feels a new joy. Mr. Davies paints the colours of the day and the hour with a forever fresh vision. Lying in the meadow, he sees how imperceptibly the grass steals into, rather than edges, the blue of the atmosphere.

"Leafy with little clouds, the sky
Is shining clear and bright.
How the grass shines—it stains the air
Green over its own height."

He has never lost the surprise of the rainbow. The poet may be wandering naked to the assaults of an uncharitable world, but across the heavens divine tokens are flung:

"Rainbows are lovely things.
The bird, that shakes a cold wet wing,
Chatters with ecstasy
But has no breath to sing.
No wonder, when the air
Has a double rainbow there."

These are his wages and clothing, more than love to him, though that is sweet enough. Friends deceive—in passing he leaves a sting, in the shoe of ingratitude a pebble. As he said in an earlier book, "I am glad my loves are dreams, Made purely of the mind." Nature alone, he seems to say, does not rack him with regrets:

"I love the earth through my two eyes
Like any butterfly or bee;
The hidden roots escape my thoughts
I love but what I see.
A tree has lovely limbs, I know,
Both large and strong, down under earth;
But all my thoughts are in the boughs
That give the green leaves birth."

But the life of birds is full of the secrets he loves:

"The early birds
Danced on my roof with showery feet."

There are many songs to the lark in our literature; but for tenderness of language and sweetness of intuition no comparison with the greatest could spoil this:

"The star of Day, both seen and heard,
Is but a little English bird;
The Lark, whose wings beat time to his
Wild rapture, sings, high overhead;
When silence comes, we almost fear
That Earth receives its dead."

The Truth About My Father, by Léon L. Tolstoi. (John Murray, 6s.)

THIS little book about the great Russian writer, prophet and socialist, comes from a favourite child, one who understood and intimately knew him. It seems to reveal very faithfully Tolstoi's giant character and personality. After his conversion to Christian faith Tolstoi must have lost any sense of humour he ever possessed. With it went overboard the greater portion of his critical faculty, which explains why he wrote and talked so much disparaging yet plausible nonsense about Shakespeare, women, sex, music and art generally. The son does not say all this in so many words, but it is what we are led to feel after reading his narrative. The way of the saints is hard and thorny, while it was an old Hebrew belief that whoever looked upon the face of God should assuredly die. Tolstoi looked upon the face of God, and by reason of his superhuman greatness continued to live and write. But many who made the mistake of acting according to the naked letter

of his gospel found that it led them nowhere save to the doors of dulness and death. Nevertheless, Tolstoi did inspiring work. He has been one of the greatest spiritual quickeners and cleansers of all ages. That the son makes clear, at the same time championing the cause of his mother, showing us how the blame for the estrangement lay chiefly on the shoulders of the father. Indeed, he says "My mother was the source of Tolstoi's greatest happiness and the real author of his greatness." But what a tragic and pitiful climax to it all! It is plain that one purpose of this book is to clear Countess Tolstoi of any unworthy stigma and show the strange hypnotical influence which Tcherkoff gained over the Count towards the end of his life. Says the son, "The most cowardly characteristic of this clever and cruel man's dealings with my father was that he made use of the most underhand means to attain his object." Thus it came about that Tolstoi altered his will, leaving his family practically penniless. The son reiterates the charge against Tolstoi that his gospel and ideas (though misunderstood) were factors which helped to bring about the terrible Russian Revolution. Indeed, he seems to intimate that they were the chief cause of it, since his widespread teaching had made all classes of men impatient of any kind of authority. Tolstoi quickened, cleansed and inspired. Then he destroyed. It is impossible to write the truth about this great man without making contradictory assertions. The truth is that in Russia men seized hold of the political aspect of his teachings rather than the moral and spiritual. For, says the son, addressing the Bolsheviks who have both persecuted and praised, "Do not dare to touch him with your murderous and criminal hands! You do not even understand his thought, and never will understand it because his teachings were for the pure in heart and the contrite in spirit." Tolstoi threw his pearls broadcast, before both good men and swine. H. E. P.

Masters of Architecture: INIGO JONES, by Stanley C. Ramsey. VANBRUGH, by Christian Barman. HAWKSMOOR, by H. S. Goodhart-Rendell. CHAMBERS, by A. Trystan Edwards. (Benn, 10s. 6d.)

THE attitude regulating the writing of these little glimpses of English architects is given by the Editor of the series in his note on Inigo Jones: "his personality is apt to intrude itself between us and the full enjoyment of his labours." As far as possible the personalities of the architects are kept in the background, and what light we are allowed is deduced from their work. In the case of a man like Inigo Jones, whom we know biographically better than architecturally, this method may succeed, especially when in such able hands as Mr. Ramsey's. But it deprives us of the scenic designs which, even more than his actual buildings, reveal the true Inigo. Mr. Barman has not quite risen to the occasion presented by Vanbrugh, and has missed his true significance. Vanbrugh was a constructional, a Gothic prodigy, born out of time into a formal age; an architectural Abelard. All his sympathies, as Mr. Barman would have ascertained with a little more research, were for the "romantic" and "ruined." His Greenwich house is a lonely herald of the Gothic revival. Our renewed interest in him to-day is precisely because he was the last architect to unite classic with vernacular Gothic, the art of doing which architects have discovered again in our own times. Mr. Goodhart-Rendell, writing with a refreshing incisiveness, supplements Mr. Barman's view by pointing out that Vanbrugh was only completely successful when Hawksmoor was his assistant. Vanbrugh did not publish his partnership, though he furthered the reticent Hawksmoor's affairs when possible. And there can be little doubt that the architect of Westminster Abbey Towers, of All Souls and Queen's Colleges had more than a word in Blenheim and Castle Howard, as he had had in much of Wren's later work. In writing of Chambers, whose architecture, like his character, is nothing if not restrained and imposing, Mr. Trystan Edwards might advantageously have loosened the eighteenth century department and let in a little humanity.

SOME BOOKS RECEIVED.

OUTDOOR BOOKS.

THE MAKING OF A MOUNTAINEER, by G. I. Finch. (Arrow-smith, 30s.) True histories of adventure which literally make the reader "hold his breath."

A HISTORY OF TENNIS, by E. B. Noel and J. O. M. Clark. (Oxford University Press, two volumes, £6 6s.)

DOG TRAINING FOR AMATEURS, by R. Sharpe. (COUNTRY LIFE Library, 7s. 6d.) The articles recently published in our pages.

LAWNS FOR SPORTS, by Reginald Beale. (Simpkin, 12s. 6d.)

THE BOY'S BOOK OF CRICKET, by F. A. H. Henley. (Bell, 5s.)

THE POLO YEAR BOOK FOR 1924. (Office, 1s. 6d.)

FICTION.

THE HOME MAKER, by Dorothy Canfield. (Cape, 7s. 6d.) By the authoress of that remarkable novel "The Brimming Cup."

THE HEAVENLY LADDER, by Compton Mackenzie. (Cassell, 7s. 6d.) Concludes the story of the Mark Lidderdale of two previous volumes.

THE CALLAHANS AND THE MURPHYS, by Kathleen Morris. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

THE TWO COYOTES, by David Grew. (T. Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.)

IN OUR TOWN, by Coralie Hobson. (Hogarth Press, 4s. 6d.) Short stories.

THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER, by F. M. Mayor. (Hogarth Press, 7s. 6d.)

THE WORKS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY. Manaton Edition. Vol. XIII, "Five Tales"; Vol. XIV, "Quality and Other Stories." (Heinemann.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

ELIZABETHANS, by A. H. Bullen. (Chapman and Hall, 10s. 6d.) A collection of lectures and essays on men of the "spacious days."

CHRONICLES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, by H. A. Wyndham. (Hodder and Stoughton, two volumes, 30s.)

THE ADVENTURES OF A NAVAL PAYMASTER, by Paymaster Rear-Admiral W. E. R. Martin. (Jenkins, 16s.)

SOME EARLY IMPRESSIONS, by Leslie Stephen. (Hogarth Press, 7s. 6d.) Written in 1903 and now first republished.

HAUNTED HOUSES, by Camille Flammarion. (T. Fisher Unwin, 12s. 6d.)

ORATIONS AND ADDRESSES, by Sir John Bland-Sutton. (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.)

THE IMMORTAL PURPOSE, by Sir Leo Chiozza Money. (Cobden-Sanderson, 6s.) Poems.

THE LITERATURE OF THE CHARADRIIFORMES. From 1894-1924. By George C. Low. (Witherby, 12s. 6d.)

THE CHARM OF THE HEATH GARDEN



A SPRING SHOW OF HEATHS, WITH DOUBLE GORSE ON THE RIGHT.

THE rock garden formed by Mr. F. J. Hanbury at Brockhurst was described at some length in an illustrated article in our issue of August 4th last. The present article deals with the heath garden. The site of this is on the summit of a ridge to the south of the one out of which the rock garden was formed; the house lies at the top of the little valley which separates the two ridges. Below the house are grass slopes leading down to a succession of four pools which are fed by springs round the head of the valley. Neither the rock garden nor the heath garden are visible from the house.

Mr. Hanbury tells us that two circumstances inspired in him the idea of making a heath garden. The first was the existence of a wide bank composed almost exclusively of the Cornish heath (*Erica vagans*) bounding the eastern side of the carriage drive. This bank was planted some thirty or forty years ago by a former owner, and is well shown in our illustrations. The discovery of this flourishing mass of heath showed that the soil and surroundings on the wind-swept hilltop should prove an excellent site for forming a collection of heaths and other ericaceous plants.

The second circumstance that conduced to the carrying out of the idea was a visit to the wonderful and varied garden formed by the late Mr. L. Messel at Nymans, near Handcross. Happily, this garden is still being vigorously maintained and extended by his son. One great feature of the Nymans establishment is the heath garden, and it was here that Mr. Hanbury first saw the great advantage of excavating wide winding paths and throwing up the soil dug out to form undulating banks, among which you can walk surrounded on all sides with different varieties of heath.

The site of the Brockhurst heath garden was, like that of the rock garden, an ordinary hill-top pasture where cattle grazed. Iron railings prevented the animals from wandering down through the bank of heath to the drive below. The whole of this pasture was then added to the garden. The western portion of this ground was prepared for the heath garden after the method used at Nymans, little winding valleys being dug out and banks formed and planted with a large variety of heaths, dwarf kalmias, ledums and such-like plants. The great charm of a well assorted heath garden is that it is never without flower at any time of the year. Spring and autumn are perhaps its



THE HEATH GARDEN IN AUGUST.

gayest times, but the heaths are always beautiful when showing their young green tips, their buds and flowers and, lastly, the beautiful browns of their long-persisting flowers, which continue for months after their brilliant colours have departed.

Among the winter and earliest blooming heaths is *Erica carnea* in its many beautiful named varieties, ranging from rosy purple and through shades of pink to pure white. *E. lusitanica* (*E. codonoides*) comes on next. Its stately size, bright green tips, pink buds and white flowers make it an outstanding plant which is very hardy and easy of culture in suitable soils. Here may be mentioned its well known hybrid, *E. Veitchii*, which, according to Mr. Bean, is an accidental hybrid between *E. lusitanica* and *E. arborea*. The brilliant green foliage and dense masses of white bloom make it, perhaps, the most attractive of the spring heaths. It usually flowers in March and April, and is liable to serious damage from cold winds and frost, but in seasons when these heaths have escaped it presents a very beautiful spectacle. *Erica darleyensis*, a charming, rather low-growing and very early flowerer, is a cross between *E. carnea* and *E. mediterranea*. It first appeared in the well known heath garden of Messrs. James Smith and Son at Darley Dale, Derbyshire, and is commonly known as *E. mediterranea hybrida*. The name *E. darleyensis* was adopted by Mr. Bean, as he considers it to have stronger affinities with *E. carnea* than with *E. mediterranea*. It flowers more or less continuously from November to May. *E. mediterranea* follows in quick succession and is another fine shrub, sometimes attaining 10 ft. in height. The buds may be seen developing throughout the winter and eventually produce their rosy red flowers. There are several varieties of this heath in cultivation, including a white variety, but none of them is more beautiful than the type.

Among the larger-flowering heaths of the early summer the palm must be given to *E. australis*. It has a wide branching habit which soon makes a single plant look like a clump of plants. The flowers are large and purplish red, and a well grown plant forms the most striking object in a heath garden. Closely following this, *E. arborea alpina* makes attractive masses with its bright green leaves and small white flowers. This is much hardier and of smaller size than type *E. arborea*. The latter attains great dimensions in the West of England and other warm climates.

Among the beautiful native summer heaths, *E. ciliaris*, found in Cornwall and Dorset, is among the best. Its hoary foliage and large pink bells render it a very desirable species. It has been found to hybridise with *E. Tetralix*, the hybrid known as *E. Watsoni* having been first noticed by the late H. C. Watson in Cornwall. Mr. Hanbury found his plants, of both species and hybrid, near Littlesea, in Dorsetshire. *E. Tetralix*, the cross-leaved heath, is a marsh plant for choice, and is grown at Brockhurst in a bog in the rock garden. Its hybrid with *E. vagans*, discovered at the Lizard by Mr. P. D. Williams and named *E. Williamsii*, is also grown in the same place. The white variety and other attractive forms of *E. Tetralix* were seen and collected by Mr. Hanbury last summer under Mr. Williams' guidance. *E. vagans* has been referred to earlier. It forms the setting of the heath garden on its western boundary, and large clumps displaying various shades of pinkish purple flowers are found scattered about. It flowers in the late summer and continues in bloom till the flowers are spoiled by frost.



E. LUSITANICA.



THE HYBRID HEATH, *E. VEITCHII*.



E. ARBOREA ALPINA.

Mr. P. D. Williams found a white form in the Lizard district, also the remarkably large and bright pink flowered variety which is known as *E. vagans* var. *St. Keverne*. The authorities of the Royal Botanic Garden at Edinburgh regard this plant as a natural hybrid. Both these forms are grown at Brockhurst.



THE CORNISH HEATH, *E. VAGANS*, BORDERING A CARRIAGE DRIVE.

Daboecia (*Menziesia*) *polifolia*, *St. Dabeoc's* heath, supplies one of the most pleasing features during the summer and autumn months. In addition to the type, with its large rosy purple bells, the white variety (*alba*) and the form with some flowers purple and others white (*bicolor*) are all grown in quantity at Brockhurst. A mass of the white form when in bloom bears a superficial resemblance to a bed of lily of the valley.

E. cinerea, the common bell or Scotch heath, is grown in quantity, also several distinct varieties, *alba*, *rosea*, *atro-purpurea* and *coccinea*. In addition to these a deep claret-coloured variety, given to Mr. Hanbury by the late Mr. Messel, is much admired. This variety does not grow as strongly or quickly as the other forms.

E. stricta, with its small clusters of pink flowers at the tips of the branches, is also grown and provides a distinctive feature in late summer. Though a native of South Europe, it is quite hardy.

dwarf and attractive shrub with corymbs of creamy white flowers, is also grown in some quantity on the banks. Its blossoms are peculiarly attractive to bees, and here it may be mentioned that a good heath garden is a great asset to those who have an apiary.

The many beautiful forms of *Calluna vulgaris*, or ling, must not be omitted. Collectively, they cover a large area, and many are specially valuable on account of the colour of the foliage rather than of the flowers. There are large masses of "white heather." Among the many forms grown may be mentioned *alba* in various forms, *Alportii*, *Serlei*, *aurea*, *cuprea*, *coccinea*, *flore pleno*, *Hammondii*, *tenuis* and the prostrate hairy form found near the Lizard and in other exposed maritime regions. It is hoped that the illustrations may supply points of interest that may have been omitted from this account and also give a good idea of the general setting of the Brockhurst heath garden.

Among the heaths and on the tops of some of the banks are such congruous plants as *Kalmia angustifolia* and *K. glauca*, the beautiful pink symmetrical flowers of which look as though they were made of wax. The large-flowered *Kalmia latifolia* grows near the boundary of the heaths. *Ledum latifolium*, another

RECENT GARDEN STATUARY

"H A!" once exclaimed Sir Francis Bacon when ushered into a garden very full of statues; then, taking off his hat: "The resurrection." In garden design, as in his conception of the state, Sir Francis was Elizabethan, and in the English tradition. The formal gardens of Italy, necessitated later when a purer classic architecture was adopted for English country houses, gave him no pleasure. Yet a little statue of Cupid, or a figure supporting a sundial, can be seen in some of the illustrations that preserve for us the appearance of fifteenth century gardens.

Garden statuary, then, is derived from Italy, where the form of Roman gardens was reproduced, as nearly as the men of the Renaissance could contrive, with figures of Pan, satyrs, nymphs and the genial gods of grove and dell. On the terraces of palaces and the greater villas were set replicas of more ambitious sculpture, and in many an old English garden there are lead or stucco reproductions of antique figures. They are appropriate enough in their spacious setting, for the more architectural the house the more heroic must be the measures for wedding it to its gardens.

Our needs to-day are for the little formal gardens behind the London house, for centres to a rose garden, for fountains or jets in water gardens. There the faun *motif*, while providing the necessary point, accentuates the spirit of the place. We do not want heroics among our irises and roses, but a form that is delightful, puckish. Our sculptors are, in the main, agreeable, though the mischievous element more than occasionally has leaked out, and a flaccid infant remains, flabbily grasping a garland. While we all like our Cupids

well nurtured, the cult of the adipose can be carried too far. There are really three requirements for garden statuary. The subject, first, should be intimate, expressive of the gentle emotions we hope to feel in its company. Cupid, so long as he is not too artful; fauns, if they content themselves with their own business (piping and keeping their balance on those absurd legs). Gnomes and goblins, I take it, smack too much of Nuremberg and terra-cotta to be desirable. Children, so as they have a vein of puckishness, will serve. But Venus, Diana and the major dieties suggest too fierce an ardour to be wholly acceptable, and our sculptors, with the exception of Mr. Gilbert, have mostly too heavy a hand to be very felicitous with divinities.

The subject is immaterial so long as the form be simple. Michelangelo used to say, and Rodin to repeat, that those figures alone were good which could be rolled from top to bottom of a mountain without damage; and, in his opinion, any limbs that did break off in such a process, were superfluous. Few of the works of antiquity would survive such a test, but it might with advantage be taken for garden statuary. This class of work, theoretically, if not actually, partakes of the elemental. Bedded in earth, exposed to the heats and frosts, too extravagant a form may appear ridiculous under all but ideal circumstances.

Both in form and material the good garden statue should be such that weathering shall better it. In too soft a stone the contours rot; marble in England soon grows sear and lichenous; granite is too grim. Many stuccoes have lasted well, and turned to mellow greys and yellows (though they split asunder when the frost enters them). Concrete has not been widely tried. But



I.—PIPING PAN. PLAQUE IN GLAZED EARTHENWARE. Phœbe Stabler, in conjunction with Carter, Stabler and Adams.



2.—FIGURE FOR MERCHANT TAYLORS.
Gilbert Bayes.



3.—FOUNTAIN FOR BANK OF ENGLAND.
Phoebe Stabler.



4.—"THE HARPY EAGLE."
Lead figure by Harold Stabler.

after Mr. Clemens' success with the lions on the Government Building at Wembley, it should be worth casting some small statuary for experiment. An advantage is that with no extra trouble the concrete can be of various colours: orange, dark grey, white and red sandstone. Lead, above all, is the best material, for it long withstands the frosts, and weathers white on the exposed surfaces. But if it is used for a figure in a fountain, make certain that the water can nowhere get in by however small a crack, or it will saturate the sand that they often put in the creature's legs or lower parts, and, when the frost comes, the legs will burst.

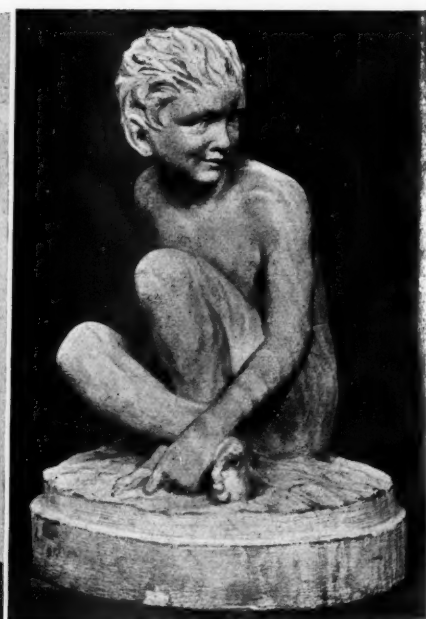
Set about in the gardens at Wembley are many little statues, most of which were at the Architecture Club exhibition. The most elaborate was the St. John the Baptist which Mr. Gilbert Bayes had fashioned in bronze for the formal garden at the Merchant Taylors' Hall in Threadneedle Street (Fig 2). Except that it is to stand in a garden, it is not garden statuary, either in subject or form. Apart from that it is a dignified if stiff and rather formless figure. Mr. Bayes' fountain figure in glazed terra-cotta (shown at the Architecture Club exhibition), of a boy clasping a fish to his stomach, whence the water jetted out, suffered from the same lack of grace and pleasing form.

In profile, too, the suggestion was far from pleasing. One of the most delightful figures was Mr. Alec. Miller's "A Boy," in, I should say, Burford stone. From every angle the lines are suave and mischievous and lithe. Miss Acheson's "Gatepost Boy," also in stone, is rather a podge. Miss Phyllis Archibald Clay's garden group in stone of "The Three Daughters of Oceanus," while it could roll down Everest intact, suggests a grave-stone more than a garden statue, both by its (apparently) tragic significance and very slight articulation.

The rest of the exhibits were provided by the Stablers—that happy family who, "in conjunction with Carter and Adams," are the "Poole Potteries." Mrs. Stabler is sometimes exuberant to excess. Some of her models for china figures are grossly weighed down with ornament. But she is as happy as a bird on a bough with "Fairies," "The Piping Boy" and "The Singing Girl." Her fountain for the Bank of England has just the elfin air to save it from flaccidness, while in form it is full of repose. Mr. Stabler's "Harpy Eagle" is a very fine piece of modelling. Birds or animals might well be used more often for garden sculpture. But they are very solemn. Otherwise, one gets to Landseer's sentimental dogs. This eagle is almost too exquisite to set outside. You want to be able to examine him at leisure. C.H.



5.—"PIPING BOY," "FAIRIES" AND "SINGING GIRL."
Lead figures by Phoebe Stabler.



6.—"A BOY."
In stone, by Alec. Miller.

THE PERSECUTED PINE MARTEN

THE pine marten is one of our very rarest British mammals, its last stronghold in England is the Lake District, and it is to be feared that it is on the border of extinction even there; a few remain in Ireland and Scotland, but, unless some very active steps are taken to protect them, it is feared they will follow in the way of all our rarer fauna—the creatures that have been. When taken young they can be tamed and domesticated, and, owing to their gracefulness of movement and suppleness of limb, they make most engaging and attractive pets.

The present writer once had the opportunity of learning about this beautiful and fast disappearing animal, and is anxious that others interested in British mammals should have the chance of hearing about the last incidents of an actual family found in this same locality. For fear any readers should think the sad element too predominant, it would be well to remind them that nearly all true animal stories end in tragedy, and this one is no exception to that rule. The details of the story and the description of the hunt are as true as the writer can make them, but recourse must be made to the imagination to supplement a few details. I must thank Captain Douglas English for his permission to reproduce his photographs of pine martens which illustrate this story.

It was in the year 1905 that a pair of pine martens chose for their home an old buzzard's nest. The nest was situated high up among the fells, on a crag or pillar of rock, with a holly tree growing beside it, overlooking Little Langdale, not many miles from the lake of Coniston. It was in a commanding position, from it could be seen the valley, the woods, and debris heaps thrown up by the quarrymen of the neighbourhood.

At the end of April the female (which, for convenience, we will call *Mustela*) gave birth to three cubs—two males and a female. They had the glow of orange faintly discernible on their breasts, which is found in most pine martens and is such a mark of beauty. This colour is apt to disappear with advancing years, and has given rise to the theory that the stone marten is also found in Great Britain, this latter being a white-breasted marten, which, according to the best authorities, is not and never was indigenous. Their tails, like those of all cubs, were thick, dark brown little appendages with short hair, quite unlike the beautiful full brushes of their parents. The little cubs lived happily, sleeping and feeding on their mother's milk, in their old buzzard's nest on the pillar of rock. They had a wonderful view, stretching away mile after mile beyond the woods to the far distance, had they possessed but the intelligence to appreciate it.

One evening, when their mother had left them, they had their final game together and settled for their last sleep; little did they think, as they cuddled up to one another, full of warmth and life, how soon all would be over for them. On the same evening a quarryman, Jack Kendall by name, set off for some sport to the fells. He was a strong, athletic fellow, the possessor of two rough-haired terriers. One, a very game little chap, was blue, as that particular shade of grey is called when found in dogs and other animals. Many an exciting chase had the blue terrier given his master on Saturday afternoons, which were spent together on the fells, when the keen little dog had turned out some fox or an occasional "mart." To-night, he was very busy scrambling over rocks, poking and sniffing into every hole and corner. They had been out some time when the little blue terrier began to grow very excited. They had climbed far up above the valley and were near the pillar of rock, on a ledge of which Kendall could see the old buzzard's nest. He threw a stone into the holly tree to see if a buzzard would fly off, but all was quiet, the stone rebounded to one side and came rattling down; the blue terrier was still showing signs of excitement, so Kendall climbed up and gained a position about eight feet below the nest. He saw that there were signs that martens had been there, and he was eager to find out whether an old "mart" was hiding in the nest. Never had he seen the cubs, and he, naturally, did not connect a buzzard's nest with their home, so he lifted the eager dog upon the shelf of rock and in a moment it was in the nest. The cubs, seeing a strange creature instead of their mother, growled and tried in their babyish way to look fierce. Two of them had not time to do more than struggle to their feet before the sharp teeth of the dog had ended their lives. Kendall, hearing the commotion and the growls of his dog, climbed quickly up to see what was going on. He seized the third cub, but not before it had received its death wound; he took it home, hoping it might recover, but before morning it, too, was dead.

And now a few words about a dog marten, probably the father of the cubs. A careless gamekeeper had set a trap in a wood some distance from the buzzard's nest. In imagination one can see the poor dog marten creeping up to the bait set so temptingly for his undoing. There was a run, a spring, a cruel click, and the marten was held in the vicious teeth. Let us draw a veil over his sufferings and think how nature soothed his inflamed limbs to rest, and closed those eyes once so full of life and brightness.

It is to be hoped that if nothing else touched the careless gamekeeper, when, a fortnight later, he found the decomposed remains of the dog marten, he felt the punishment in the loss of the beautiful skin. It so happened that his master had offered him a sovereign for a pine marten's skin: and there before him lay the wasted sovereign.

Meanwhile, what happened to the mother marten, *Mustela*? In the afternoon she had left her cubs, to get a little needful exercise and to forage for supplies. She was away rather longer than

usual, but about a quarter of an hour after Kendall had walked off with the two little dead cubs and the dying one in his pockets, she returned to the nest. She ran eagerly up the cleft and reached the ledge on which her home was situated. What was the meaning of this silence? She peeped over the edge of the nest: no cubs, all was empty! A sort of numbness, a helpless, baffled feeling stole over her. She smelt about everywhere, and soon became aware that some strange animal had visited the spot. What had happened? Had the cubs been devoured or carried off, and where was her mate? Presently she began to suffer herself; there were no strong young cubs to take her milk away, and it would have been some weeks before they would have been fully weaned. The morning found her solitary and miserable, but she would not go far from the vicinity of the nest, in case she should find her cubs, or her lord should return.

The next day being Saturday, the quarrymen left work at mid-day. Kendall snatched a hurried lunch and took his two dogs and made for the crag where the old buzzard's nest was situated. As he drew near, *Mustela* sprang from the nest, and, more nimble than a wild cat, scrambled up the rocks and made for the protection of a burren, as the piles of loose stones and fragments of rocks are called locally. She reached it and entered, and by creeping under this boulder, and over that, by squeezing herself between slabs of rock and through apertures, which looked far too small to let an animal of her size pass, she gained what she hoped was a safe retreat. She had not been there long when she heard the dogs. They had traced her with unerring scent, and soon began to grow very excited, knowing that only a few boulders separated them from their quarry. However, the few boulders would have been quite sufficient protection had *Mustela* only had to contend with dogs, but in about ten minutes Kendall appeared on the scene, and at once began to displace the lighter ones; then he put forth his strength and succeeded in moving slightly



UP IN THE TREE TOPS.



KEEPING A SHARP LOOK-OUT.

a much larger one. The noise of the dislodged rocks as they fell around smote with an ominous sound on Mustela's ears. Each shock seemed to run through all her nerves, and when a tremendous heave shook a stone near her, she felt it was time to be off again. So she glided quite noiselessly through the fragments around her till she found an easy exit. Then with a spring she was off again. The dogs and man were so taken by surprise that she escaped for the time, but the former were soon in hot pursuit, followed at no great distance by Kendall, who was enjoying the sport only as a man can whose primitive instincts are thoroughly aroused.

Here it might naturally be asked, by those who know the habits of martens and what wonderful tree climbers they are, why did not Mustela take to the woods and cut off her scent by leaping from tree to tree? I think the answer lies in the fact that she feared being treed—being driven into an isolated tree from which she could reach no other, without coming down and being captured; also she probably had not the intellect to realise that the trees were the best way of putting off her scent so that the dogs could not follow.

Poor little Mustela; the odds against her were heavy indeed. Again she made off in an upward direction, and was now speeding towards the Tilberthwaite Ghyls, that beautiful series of waterfalls, well known to lovers of the district. Before reaching this precipitous place she apparently remembered another burren where safety, she thought, might be obtained at less risk; so she turned downwards into the woods, and doubled back in the direction from which she had come, until the burren was in sight. There is a large gap in the woods here, and the Tilberthwaite Valley and slate quarries lie beneath. Two roads and a rocky river are seen, like three pieces of white tape, twisting about between the hills. In this elevated situation lay the last retreat of Mustela. She entered and scrambled through the rocks till she came to a hole she knew of, in the earth itself. Here she thought she was safe at last, but she had not long been ensconced in this hole, when the dogs arrived and again awaited their master, darting excitedly about, sniffing first at one hole, then at another. After some time Kendall came up, hot and out of breath, but not beaten. Some very heavy work now lay before him. Anyone less strong and determined would have been daunted and given up the chase, for in spite of the prolonged daylight at this time of the year, the dusk was now closing in. However, he went to work with an energy worthy of a better object, and soon made an impression on the arrangement

of the slabs of rock about him. He worked away for an hour or more, while Mustela lay listening in her hole. At first she had been almost too tired to care much what happened, but as she recovered her breath, the ominous noise, not very far off, of rocks being hurled about, frightened her afresh. Every now and then a shiver passed over her body, but she did not move. Gradually, with the help of the scent of the dogs, Kendall drew nearer and nearer to her retreat; three more blocks, and at last the hole came into view.

Now, had it been a fox's hole, such as one ordinarily sees in country where there are no rocks, Mustela might still have escaped. This hole may have been at one time the nursery of some vixen, for among the burrens of this wild lakeland district cub foxes are often found tucked away under a few boulders quite near the surface, where the light and air are much better for them than the stuffy quarters of the traditional fox's earth; but for Mustela, on this occasion, the shallowness was fatal. A little tearing away of the soil, a little enlarging of the hole by the dogs, and Mustela's chance of freedom was gone. Kendall probed the hole with a stick first, to see if the "mart" had her head pointing outwards and ready to bite. Finding this was not the case he produced from his pocket a curious instrument, looking more like a couple of corkscrews interwoven than anything else. This he proceeded to bind on to a short stick, then, making a long arm, he began to turn the stick as rapidly as he could directly he felt it had reached Mustela's fur, so that the screw was soon firmly entangled in her hair. Then he brought her forth into the waning light, struggling violently and biting at the screw and stick that held her.

Even now, had Kendall had less nerve or had he been less accustomed to wild creatures, Mustela might have escaped, but her captor was equal to the occasion, and in a moment she was popped into a sack and securely tied up.

Those who hate to hear of the extermination of our rarer animals and birds must blame those who offer large bribes for their capture, either alive or dead, rather than such men as Kendall, who follow the instincts of their nature and an inborn love of sport, which they can only satisfy in such ways as these.

Mustela was sold to a keeper, and finally found her way to a well known sportsman living in Darlington, who had already a live dog marten in captivity. As a captive, she could hardly have fallen into better hands, and I heard afterwards that she was well, and growing accustomed to her new home.

A. BERTRAM HUTTON.

DOCILITY

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M. F. McTAGGART, D.S.O.

EVERYONE knows the "horse is a docile animal," but it is not everyone who thinks about it. The thing is so obvious and commonplace we do not dwell upon it any more than we ponder over wet pavements after rain or any other established everyday fact. And yet, matters that are verbally admitted are often not mentally grasped, or, in other words, the subject like so many things in this world, has not been viewed through every aspect and examined with care and detachment. As we all admit that the horse is docile, let us, for once in a way, pursue this apparently unproductive pathway of thought and see where it leads us.

The horse, in its docility, will do all kinds of things for us with extremely little effort on our part, provided we are going slow. He will walk and trot and stop and turn at our pleasure, and as often as we wish. It is only when we begin to arouse his excitement by speed or pain that we find any difficulty at all. Not only will he walk and trot, but he will do a variety of more complicated feats, such as passing, reining back, jumping, changing his legs and so on, which are well known to anyone who has done any riding-school work. But, in spite of this amazing tractability, we find that when we go hunting or playing polo we have horses that won't stop or won't walk or won't turn. Horses that pull and yaw, and horses that jig and tire us dreadfully by their indocilities.

Now, why is this? Why does tractability suddenly become intractability? It seems odd, somehow, does it not? The answer often given is that it is speed or excitement which produces this result, and that under such conditions the horse's mentality gives way and he is incapable of understanding what is required. This reply usually passes unchallenged, and the subject is dropped. But is it correct? We know ranching ponies when at speed are fully alive to and ready for the jerk of the lasso; we know that horses while steeplechasing show much intelligence in negotiating the fences; and we know that polo ponies can be brought to a high pitch of intelligent obedience when ridden well. Consequently, it is felt that, as we come to examine this statement, we find it is not quite so conclusive as we thought. Personally, I think that the question should be tackled in a somewhat different way.

I submit that docility and intelligence are constant factors, no matter what we are doing with a horse, provided—and here is the real crux of the matter—the horse *understands what is*

required of him and he is free from anxiety. Young horses, of course, have to learn, and youthful spirits are often very trying; but that is not the point. Once a horse really understands what is wanted and he has no apprehension of jabs on the mouth or irritation from the spur, he will do what we ask of him.

Horses will not stop, because they do not understand they are meant to stop; horses will not walk, because they are fretting; polo ponies will not turn, because they have either not been properly taught or because the rider has quite forgotten to give them the right "aid" or because their mouths are so sore they can think of little else. It is not the motion or the excitement that causes the apparent waywardness, but lack of training or faults in riding.

It may be interesting to my readers to know that it is perfectly possible to knock a polo ball about, turn and twist, and stop on any required spot and facing the desired way on any ordinarily schooled polo pony without a bridle at all. This is a very attractive experiment, and, of course, only applies to the slower paces, although I feel quite sure it could be done at speed after a little patient schooling. It is only a question of making the pony understand what is wanted. But it must never be forgotten that in our schooling we must endeavour to make our lessons as attractive as possible. "A fall is a awful thing," as Jorrock said, and we should try and avoid falls as far as we possibly can. A horse which has absolute confidence in his rider will, when an emergency arises, do his very best, and his best is worth more than a good deal; but if he is not quite confident, a refusal will be the probable reply.

Seydlitz, the well known cavalry leader of the eighteenth century, was a noted trainer of horses, and he was riding with Frederick the Great one day across a bridge. In order to test his abilities Frederick suddenly said, "The enemy are pursuing you and there is a hostile squadron in front, what would you do?" Without a moment's hesitation Seydlitz jumped his horse over the parapet of the bridge into the water below. In due course he returned dripping from head to foot, saluted, and said, "Sire, that is what I would do." The bridge to this day bears the name of the "Seydlitz Brücke." The moral to be learnt from this tale is that that horse had implicit confidence in his rider, and obeyed without the slightest hesitation, because he never could have had a fall. But I would be prepared to wager a large sum that that horse would never do the feat again. He had once been let down and supreme confidence would be

destroyed. Consequently, when we are training our horses, let us remember never intentionally to put them down, because they never forget.

The questions of jibbing and other so-called vices hardly come into this question, as they can so easily be overcome with quiet and confident handling. They are not the result of lack of docility on the horse's part so much as bad handling, bad riding or bad stable management on the part of the owner.

I do not think it is necessary to go through a long course of riding school to achieve good results, nor is it necessary to spend much time in learning all "the aids." "Aids" vary with different schools, and it is of comparatively minor importance what particular "aid" is adopted as long as the horse understands. For instance, horses that have never been taught neck-reining will answer to that method of handling almost as readily as the schooled horse, although the actual "aids" of neck-reining are the exact converse of those used in the ordinary turn.

Once a horse understands that hunting is not a race meeting, he will shed his excitement, and when a horse realises that in a race he is expected to win, he will usually try his best. When

a horse knows he is expected to jump temperately, he will do so. But these lessons have sometimes to be rather protracted. The young, excitable horse takes long to steady, and the horse that will not walk much patience to make him. But my thesis is, that if we want a comfortable, temperate and safe ride, we must convey our wishes to our mount in the way that can best be understood.

In polo, it is to be feared, most players are thinking more of the game than of their pony; but, did they put riding first and polo second, I think they would improve their game far more than they realise. Many ponies for which high prices have been given and which are splendidly trained, often become hard pullers in the hands of even first-class players. Such players, of course, are only thinking of the ball, and for the time being forget how to convey their wishes to their mount, with the unfortunate results they themselves know only too well. But the pony will do it all right once he understands what he is wanted to do. The docility is there all the time. The pony, indeed, is willing; it is up to us to do the rest. So we get back to the old motto, "Blame yourself before you blame your horse," and, once we understand that, we are already well on the road to horse mastery.

"VINCENZO MOROSINI," BY TINTORETTO

W. G. CONSTABLE.

EVERY age gets the portraiture it deserves. Venice in the sixteenth century bred a race of hard-bitten patricians, men of few illusions and vast experience, luxurious in living, yet a little contemptuous of the pleasures of life. Such material puts the portrait painter on his mettle; and, given the imaginative insight and technical facility of a Tintoretto, is likely to inspire masterpieces. So came into being the fine portrait of Vincenzo Morosini, now in the possession of Messrs. Agnew, to acquire which for the nation the National Art-Collections Fund is vigorously appealing, though the sum required is far from raised. A gift of this kind would mark the Centenary of the National Gallery in admirable fashion; and the collection would gain a picture of the type it especially needs. The large Venetian Room at Trafalgar Square is justly held as one of its glories. Therein hang fine examples of the earlier phase of Venetian portraiture, such as the Titian "Ariosto"; but of the later phase, wherein the objective, external treatment the High Renaissance was replaced by the psychological analysis of the Counter-Reformation, there is nothing. To pass from the brilliant, self-possessed figures in the earlier portraits by Titian to the revelations of character in his latest works is to pass from one world to another, wherein El Greco, Velazquez and Rembrandt dwell. To this other world belongs Tintoretto. In the long series of portraits he painted of doges and high officers of State there are many that are dull and lifeless, though few without a peculiarly Venetian sense of magnificence. Then, as now, official portraiture was apt to become an empty exercise of manual dexterity. But, on occasion, this dexterity became the obedient servant of a penetrating insight into character, which joined grasp of form and power of design to place Tintoretto in the first rank of portrait painters. Of this, the Vincenzo Morosini is witness. The sitter was of a type to fire the imagination. He was a member of that ancient and notable family which supplied four doges to the State, among them Domenico, doge in 1148, who brought the Istrian coast under Venetian sway; and Francesco, the great-grandson of Vincenzo, who commanded the navy against the Turks, reconquered from them Athens and the Peloponnesus and incidentally was responsible for destroying the Parthenon. Vincenzo himself, born in 1511,

attained every honour but the highest. As Prefect of Bergamo and Savio de Terra Ferma, he was responsible for the landward affairs of the republic; in 1571, during the war with the Turks, he held supreme command in Venice; and on two occasions he acted as representative and agent of Venice in foreign affairs. Two other portraits of him exist: one in a family group forming part of an altarpiece in San Giorgio Maggiore, the other a school work in the Ducal Palace, dated 1480. The present painting represents him as even older than in the latter portrait; and, since he died in 1588, it must have been painted between 1580 and that year. It falls therefore among the latest portraits of Tintoretto, who himself died in 1594. The old statesman is weary, but behind the furrowed mask of his face, schooled to hide emotion, the painter has revealed the hard common-sense and severe practicality which won worldly success. Here is no idealist, but a thoroughgoing pragmatist, to whom the worth

of a thing is what it will fetch; yet a stiff, proud man, filled with the pride of race and city, which made Venice great. In workmanship Tintoretto has excelled himself. Save for a little rubbing of the face, which has, mercifully, not been repaired, the painting is in excellent condition. The Senator's crimson robe, in other portraits often clumsily repainted, here retains the freshness and vigour of Tintoretto's own brushwork; and the trimming of gold brocade, and the too insistent band of ermine are treated with extraordinary dexterity. But the main interest rightly centres upon the head. There is little here of the sculptural intention of a Raphael or a Bronzino; yet the subtle interplay of contour and plane, indicated with seeming carelessness, but responsive to every modulation in the light, gives structure and massiveness. The colour is of a pitch to correspond with the painter's intention. Gone are the rich, mellow harmonies of Giorgione and Titian, and in their stead is a splendid, but almost harsh scheme of crimson, gold and blue green, in key with that spiritual turmoil and discontent which bred the psychological portrait. El Greco may chiefly derive from Bassano; but in face of this portrait it is hard to believe that he did not also learn from Tintoretto, and transmit some of that learning to Velazquez. If so, Tintoretto may justly be held one of the fathers of modern portrait-painting.



TINTORETTO'S "VINCENZO MOROSINI."

LAWN TENNIS: THE ENGLISH GAME

HOW badly we want some new words to express the new classes that have arisen at games! "Professional" and "amateur" no longer convey the true distinction; they are not exhaustive; they carry with them moral, financial and social associations which are irrelevant. At lawn tennis, for instance, there are now three classes—casuals, regulars and teachers. They tend, it is true, to melt into one another; the casual becomes a regular, and the regular is besought to put his experience at the disposal of young players; and in one country at least if he puts it in writing he is not regarded as a suitable person to compete with other regulars. It is all very confusing. In England our practical good sense has hitherto made us very chary of defining distinctions that cannot be insisted on. Our native distinction is social—Gentlemen and Players—and it served well enough until we became self-conscious and asked what the words implied. We hate definitions and regulations, and we prefer to let our sports develop of themselves and to accept the altered conditions while retaining the old names. We are being forced to accept new ideas in lawn tennis, but we do it without enthusiasm. In other countries the Davis Cup is a matter to occupy the attention of the National Government; it is not so with us. On its being mentioned last week that "we" had won a round in the Davis Cup a quite competent lawn tennis player said: "The Davis Cup? I thought that thing was played in America after Wimbledon." His indifference is a symptom of the difficulties that lie ahead of the people who are labouring to make us change our ways. They will succeed—they have already succeeded—in making us adopt regulations that are naturally acceptable to more logical peoples, but logic will never make us change our notions and traditions. One such notion is that Wimbledon is what matters. No amount of propaganda can make Englishmen take more than a languid interest in the destiny of the Davis Cup. It is not sour grapes. At the time when lawn tennis was played in this country at least as well as it was played elsewhere, a second-rate programme at "Wimbledon" would draw a much larger crowd than a set battle for the Davis Cup played a little later on the same ground. Neither is it apathy. Another comment on the announcement of Colonel Kingscote's victory in the first of the five matches against Belgium was: "Good; we shall have him playing for us this year at Wimbledon." We like the International flavour in our matches, but the matches must be

played on what we think the proper court and at the proper time of year. Indeed, it was no certainty that the crowds that went to the Old Worple Ground would make their way to the new one, and it must have been a relief to those responsible for the change to find it acquiesced in. It was still Wimbledon; nobody talks of going to Southfields, though that is the station for which tickets are taken. But the idea of holding a Hard Court Championship at Wimbledon had to be abandoned. One goes to Wimbledon to see lawn tennis played on grass, and arguments about the superiority of other surfaces are of no avail. We like grass; it is the pleasantest surface to move about on. At bottom, too, though we do not say so and call on all our gods when the ball bumps or shoots or plays off any one of the dozen sells to which grass lends itself, there is the sound instinct—bred of long years of sport of many kinds—that if you eliminate luck from sport you eliminate a—and, perhaps, the essential—factor. The phrase goes "Let the best man win," not "Let the best player win." The best man is the man who has an answer when "the thing that couldn't have occurred"; that Horatian man so tenacious of his proposition that if the *orbis* split into fractions—as one expects it when Mr. Patterson smashes—he would return the largest part to the backhand—*justum*, with perfect length; the man who would then consent to a let without calling Mr. Burrow from his sanctum to expound the rules or taking notice of the gallery *prava jumentum*. If we evolved conditions—fortunately we cannot—in which the best player invariably wins, who would go to Wimbledon four days a week to see him do it? We should go instead to a music hall—once—to see the fascinating Chinese gentleman do juggling.

It is like us not to have issued an official ranking of players, though we assume its existence when we consent to seed the draw. Leaving the draw to Fortune was leaving it—again with sound instinct—to the only arbiter who can commit outrages without arousing protest and ill-feeling. An authoritative ranking must be established before the seeding can give the competitor that measured run for his, or his association's, money to which by modern theory he is entitled, and in International meetings such as Wimbledon that ranking would have to be issued by the League of Nations as the result of tests to which no amateur who plays the game as a relaxation will have time to submit himself. The English lawn tennis game is designed for casuals, the non-English game for regulars. E. E. M.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

HOME PRODUCTS.

WE know that many readers will be amused with the menu which we publish herewith. No doubt, many will know that it was the bill of fare at the luncheon to which Lord Bledisloe entertained his guests at the recent pig sale held at Lydney. Such people as are always inclined to belittle the country's resources will be considerably astonished at the variety and excellence of the



Menu.	
Veal	Pig.
Kerry Hill Mutton.	
Spring Chickens.	
Pork & Ham.	
Sausage Rolls.	
Salads.	
Rhubarb Tart.	
Apple Puffs.	
Jam Rolls.	
"Yeoman" Bread.	
"Yeoman" Scones.	
Butter & Cream.	
Cheddar, Stilton & Cornish Cheese.	
Cider.	
All Home Products.	



home products provided for the guests of the ex-Minister for Agriculture. No one could desire a better lunch, and the rollicking pigs which form what we may call the embroidery lend the appropriate air of gaiety to the document.

NOT ENOUGH BACON FACTORIES.

It may seem a contradiction in terms, but it is not, to say that bacon factories have not enough to do and yet that there should be

more of them. The bacon factory is like the railway truck. It pays best when fully loaded, the reason being that the overhead charges are pretty nearly the same all along and that it is cheaper in proportion to deal with 500 pigs a week than with 200. Another factor comes into operation, however, and this is the distance of the factory from the pigsty: the longer the journey is, the greater, other things being equal, the expense of transport. Much is to be said in favour of the estate bacon factory—that is, one run by a limited liability company, but situate in the centre of an estate of which all or most of the tenants are engaged in pig-farming. They are in the position to reduce the cost of production to a minimum, and cheap bacon, of course, means larger sale and better returns. The movement requires a considerable amount of propaganda to give it a proper push forward, and also very careful organisation. Estate owners might well take it up. They run little or no risk of loss, but, on the contrary, in the majority of instances are able to add to their incomes from this source.

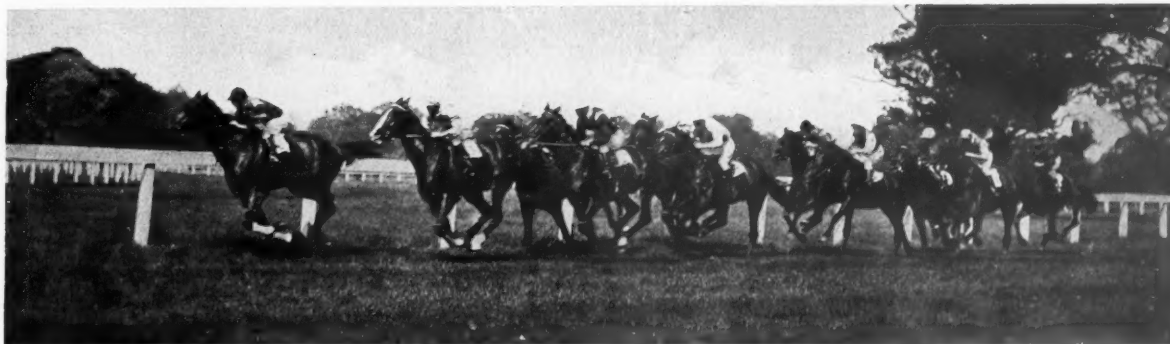
Perhaps it may sound boring to hear anyone hammering again at the contention that dairying should be united to pig-farming by the solid bond of mutual advantage. To make a profit, more stock of both kinds is wanted in this country. The dairy should not only be able to supply raw milk for consumption, but it should obtain its share of the grocer's orders for butter. It is superficial and deceptive to count only that the farmer merely gets so much more for milk in the raw than he does as butter. The incidental advantages are more than enough to make up the difference, and the object of all at the present moment should be to secure a firm hold of the home market. It is most irritating to go into the provincial towns and to find that they are situated in a good pastoral district and yet are selling overseas products instead of those from the English land, English cows and English pigs.

DISPERSAL OF THE IWERNE HERD OF MILK-RECORDED PEDIGREE SOUTH DEVONS.

Mr. James Ismay's herd of South Devons is to be sold at Totnes on June 3rd. He is giving them up in spite of the fact that he likes the South Devons and is sorry to part with them. The real reason lies in the difficulty experienced in disposing of the young bulls. Mr. Ismay means to confine himself to pedigree Dairy Shorthorns in future. The chief interest of the herd is to be found in the important fact with regard to the milk-producing qualities of the Devons. For some years past Mr. Ismay has devoted a great deal of energy to promoting the systematic keeping of milk records as the only means of ascertaining the true value of a dairy cow. He was one of the founders of the Yeovil Milk Recording Society and is now President of the Somerset and North Devon Milk Recording Society, in which the Yeovil Milk Recording Society is incorporated. His improvement of the South Devons from this point of view is remarkable, as may be judged from the fact that the herd now contains cows and descendants of cows with yields of a thousand gallons.

A GREAT RACE FOR THE JUBILEE HANDICAP

POPULARITY OF RACING AT CHESTER



"ALL OUT" AT THE BEND IN THE JUBILEE STAKES AT KEMPTON PARK.

Parth third from the left.

THE series of Spring Handicaps may be said to have ended with the decision of the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton Park, where, by the way, the executive scored a marked triumph of organisation, resulting in a great gathering in most wonderful weather. It was, indeed, a notable day, made more so by the thrilling finish for the big handicap. Lots of people were hugely delighted, and expressed themselves accordingly over the short-head victory of the heavily supported Parth, but the most satisfied man on the course was one who, because of his official position, never has a bet. I refer to Major Fred Lee, who was responsible for the handicap, which resulted in two short heads between the first three. We came precious near, therefore, to a dead-heat between three, and one's thoughts turned to a year ago when the same handicapper produced for us a dead heat for first place between Lord Lonsdale's Diligence and Mr. Salvin's Simon Pure, with the third only a neck away.

Second to Parth was Lord Coventry's Verdict, and third was Lady Bullough's Soldumeno, each of them four years old, their respective weights being 9st., 8st. 11lb. and 7st. 12lb. Pharos, who shared top weight with Parth, was never in the picture and, indeed, it was a race between the three, though there were nine other starters. The consensus of opinion subsequent to the race was that the mare was an unlucky loser in the sense that she was seriously impeded by more than one other, and that her jockey, Beary, was not able to commence his challenge when he wanted to and not until it was just too late to overhaul Parth, who was more fortunate in the sense that he had a clear run from the elbow turn into the straight. When the mare was able to deliver her challenge it was exhilarating to see her courageous effort and the way she gradually crept up, but my impression was that the big horse in Mr. Macomber's colours was holding his own in those last few critical strides.

The winner is a finely developed horse by Polymelus from Willia, and was bred by Mr. Dan O'Leahy in Ireland. He was bought as a yearling on behalf of Mr. Mathuradass Goculdass, the Indian, who at one time started racing on a big scale in this country. But when his affairs in India compelled him to retrench, Parth, who had been third to Papyrus and Pharos for the Derby, passed into the possession of Mr. Macomber for something like £20,000. He was to have won the St. Leger, but he did not do so. Later he went to France to win a good race there, and this race at Kempton Park was his next appearance in public. I understand that he is next to try for the Coronation Cup at Epsom in Derby week.

It was an extraordinarily good class field that Parth beat, but then it is agreed that the Jubilee Handicap is the highest class handicap of the whole season. Verdict was the gallant winner of the Cambridgeshire at the immediate expense of Epinard. Kefalin, who was not liked last Saturday, was the winner of the Grand Prix two years ago, and Brownhylda ranks as a winner of the Oaks. Soldumeno won the Irish Two Thousand Guineas and Waygood the Irish Derby. There, to be sure, is represented a galaxy of talent, brought together in one handicap and all taking the field, too. I understand that Verdict will also be a runner for the Coronation Cup at Epsom, in which case she and Parth will be able to fight out their argument again. Such meetings are the essence of true sport in racing. If I hope the mare will win it is because she is so game and good, and after vexatious seconds for the City and Suburban and Jubilee Handicap it is her turn to triumph once more for the fine old gentleman and sportsman who has the good fortune to own her.

I never cease to marvel at the enormous crowds that go racing at Chester's only race meeting of the year. I suppose one notices them more because of the concentration and the packing into a comparatively small area of many thousands. It may be that as many or more are found elsewhere. Certainly it is so at such carnivals as Epsom and Doncaster, but the people are more distributed and, therefore, do not appear to be so many. Those readers who have never seen Chester racecourse must understand there is no other like it in this country. It is shaped, as it were, in the interior of a big amphitheatre scooped out basin-wise. It is bounded by the high viaduct of the main railway line to Holyhead on one side, by the River Dee on another, and for the rest by the old City walls. The public could not have a more delightful view of racing. Every phase of the long race for the Chester Cup can take place under their noses, so to say, and that fact explains in a measure the popularity of the place and the fixture. But it is also true that the people of the county and the neighbouring counties do not have such a glut of racing as comes to Southerners or even Midlanders, and so the whole countryside may be said to turn out in a thoroughly picnic spirit.

As a racecourse I have no encomiums to pass on it. That I simply could not do honestly. Only half the horses that run on it can really act on a course on which there is a minimum of straight and a maximum of turns. Horses must be practically going "on one leg," and they must have speed and handiness—speed to take up positions from which they are not squeezed out, and handiness so that they will not run wide on making the bends. For the Chester Cup race the



W. A. Rouch.

PARTH.
Winner of the Jubilee Stakes.

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horses must eight times go round bends before they have finished with the job. Now, the field for the Cup race last week was nothing like as good as some we have known in comparatively recent times. They were two great stayers in Chivalrous and Happy Man that were second and third respectively last year, and the latter, as we know, went on to Ascot in due course to win the Gold Cup by a short head from Silurian. Chivalrous never did much good afterwards, but he was an exceptional horse on the course and the way he used to make the whole of the running and make the turns was something to remember.

There was no horse of the class of either in the field last week, nor, indeed, of the class of Aleppo or Willonyx, both of whom won Chester Cups and, later, Ascot Gold Cups. It happened that the course had been holding from long periods of rain, and the fact probably has something to do with the victory of the lowest-weighted one of all—Mr. F. Gretton's Rugeley, a four year old at the bottom of the handicap with only 6st. 4lb. to carry. This white-faced chestnut horse was thought to have a big chance providing the boy, H. Leach, could manage him and get him round the turns. There were, however, shorter-priced horses in Scullion, who started favourite at 4 to 1, and Bellman and Sierra Leone, each at 5 to 1. It may be recalled that Bellman had been third to Chivalrous and Happy Man a year ago. Sierra Leone had been a hot favourite for the Great Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom when third to Kwannon and Boddam. Each of these was expected to take a deal of beating. This proved to be true of Sierra Leone, who went into the lead six furlongs from home and only had it taken from him after turning into the short straight. It was then that Rugeley, after tracking him for some time, went up to and past Lord Derby's horse in such a way as to put his success beyond a shadow of doubt. Rugeley had won by three lengths.

I mention these salient facts for the benefit of distant readers, but it will interest all, I think, to know something of the winner. I can recall setting eyes on him for the first time on this same course. Mr. Gretton has always liked to win at Chester, and his trainer, Ralph Moreton, has usually taken a few horses there every year. When I first knew him Rugeley was unnamed. He was known as the colt by Rossendale from Roya, and perhaps because of his very distinctive white markings and also because I knew he was fancied, I noticed him going to the post for the Stamford Two Year Old Stakes on the same day that Chivalrous won his first Chester Cup. He was an equal second favourite, the leading position being held by a filly named

Atirovaf who turned out to be very useful. Roya colt did not reach the first three, and in course of time, probably because he did not give his true running in public, he was unsexed and became listed as a gelding. The remedy has certainly worked well in his case. He was given the name of Rugeley, but two years have had to pass before he began to do things.

At the last Newbury Meeting I was much struck with the way he first bolted at the start of a two-mile handicap and then managed to win from two heavily backed horses in Forseti and Brisl. I thought then that he must be a rare stayer, and though he had very little weight in the Cup race last week he won through ability to stick it in difficult conditions. His sire, Rossendale (now in Australia), is a horse that belonged to the late Sir John Thursby, and I recollect seeing him beat Pommern for the Craven Stakes of 1915. Pommern was trying to give 15lb., and, I think, failed by three parts of a length. Well, we know that Pommern was a high-class horse, for he went on to win the Two Thousand Guineas, New Derby and substitute race at Newmarket for the St. Leger.

Inkerman, bred and owned by Mr. Reid Walker, confirmed previous excellent impressions of him, especially when he won the Jockey Club Stakes last year by severely trouncing Arcade for the Chester Vase. It may be that the unwillingness of Arcade to race made things fairly straightforward for Inkerman, but I was struck by his speed and I am sure he stays well, at any rate up to a mile and a half. I believe his next race is to be the Manchester Cup, and though his weight will be 9st. 5lb., he will take a deal of beating. Soldumeno, however, would seem now to be a formidable opponent.

Some light on the Derby should have been shed by the race for the Newmarket Stakes this week. I wish I were able to comment on it here, but it is a subject that will keep. The new fact which has emerged since writing is that Salmon Trout is to accompany Diophon to the post for the Derby. This should not be taken as an indication of any lack of faith in Diophon, but rather that the stable companion has claims of his own to be accepted as quite a strong candidate. He was a smart winner as a two year old last back-end, especially when he won the Dewhurst Plate, and already he has won this year over a mile and a quarter. Archibald has apparently ceased his association with Tom Pinch for the present, and I fully expect to see this rather notorious horse ridden in the Derby by Donoghue, for I assume that Mr. Joel will not consider Defiance good enough to send to the post, though I am sure he and his trainer thought very well of him at one time.

PHILIPPOS.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE BITER BIT: A POACHING STORY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I should like to tell you of an old friend of mine. He was a man around fifty-five, with good regular features, denoting, maybe, a sporting and better circumstanced ancestry. Ordinarily his mien was somewhat forbidding and stern, though his shrewd, clear, steady eye would soften and lighten up, especially when one "got on to" sport, or when he spoke to, and fondled his clever old lurcher bitch Tess. For the rest he was spare, though deep chested, and as tough as wire. Being of a taciturn nature, he did not mix much with the villagers, but through my profession, and a common bond of sporting instincts, Jabez—for such was his name, Jabez Penhaligon—and I became really attached to each other, and many were the wrinkles I gathered from his vast store of knowledge on the ways of fish, flesh and fur. Occasionally I chaffed him about the name of his dog—"Tess"—alluding to the famous Dorsetshire heroine, until one evening he said, "It 'eddn' ['eddn'—isn't, is not] such a bad name 'nother,' Doctor, for it carries quiet and far when said proper." And then he hissed the name, almost in a whisper, accentuating the three final letters. Immediately it recalled the all too far past, and I remembered that such a sound was the invariable method by which the larrikin, on one side of the noisy paved Whitechapel Road, attracted the attention of his chum on the far side, when I was a student at "The London." Poor old Jabez; he has been planted many years now, but whenever he crops up in my fireside pictures, I recall the night he came to my house, clothes in shreds, bloody, clawed and scratched all over, two fingers gone at the second joint, as also the lobe of the left ear, and with a nasty 6in. gash in his right thigh, telling me he had had "a 'ell of a time." He was absolutely crestfallen, not from loss of nerve or the pain (for I put ten stitches into him without a whimper), but from mortification, shame and chagrin, for he kept on repeating, "To think that I could be such a blamed fool"; but I soon made him once more presentable. When memory recalls it all I rock in my chair. It

appeared that a hare had "come" to the parish, and Jabez soon knew the exact field she fed in each night, the route by which she always entered and the gate by which she always left, for there were her "creep" and her "pricks." On this particular night, Jabez, with a short length of net in pocket, and Tess by his side, went off. The net was hung across the bottom of the gate, not too taut, and eventually Tess told to "go seek." While he flattened himself against the gatepost and listened, the dog had gone down the leese side hedge to the bottom of the field and begun to range slowly and quietly; she knew quite well she must not rush matters, she must not frighten and scare things, just disturb only, for then assuredly poor puss would leave by the accustomed gate. At last Jabez heard her coming on the crisp, frosty grass, cantering up the hill, humpity-humpity-humpity—a good eight or nine pound hare by the sound. He stiffened, saw her shoot quickly by him, bundle into the net, and then he fell on her with his knees and thighs together, and his elbows pressed tightly to his sides. The next moment Jabez was having a rough and tumble with an old 43lb. dog badger.—M. C. LANGFORD.

THE ACCURSED "HARVESTER."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Can any of your readers tell me how to ward off the attacks of the harvest mite or "harvester"? Is there any specific which will not only cure their bites but keep them off the person altogether? Some ground which I possess is infested with these insects in July and August. It happens to be plentifully covered with bracken. Would the removal of the bracken improve things? I should be grateful for advice.—SUFFERER.

[This enquiry was forwarded to Mr. R. Stenton, Assistant Entomologist to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, who replied as follows: "I fear the matter is medical rather than agricultural. However, the following are somewhat crude suggestions that may be of use. Sulphur is a valuable remedy against mites of all kinds. Dusting the underclothing with flowers of sulphur or, if grease is not

objected to, anointing the skin with sulphur ointment, has been found to have the effect of preventing the attack of the harvest mite. Anointing the skin with a saturated solution of Epsom salts has also been found valuable for this purpose. Some time elapses, apparently, between the time of the creature's reaching the skin and effecting an entrance. Therefore, a warm bath to which ammonia has been added, taken each evening at the time of the year when the mites are troublesome and when infection is likely to have occurred, will be found to be of service. Instead of ammonia, preference is occasionally given to one of the tar derivative disinfectants of which there are several on the market but which differ considerably in value. When the mites have once found a lodgment in the skin, the writer has found considerable relief from the use of a mixture of vaseline and eucalyptus oil. It is doubtful if the removal of the bracken from the ground referred to would have any very great effect in diminishing the numbers of the pest."—ED.]

SWALLOWS IN CENTRAL CHINA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The common swallow of the Yangtze Valley is the Eastern house swallow (*Hirundo gutturalis*), and I saw the first one on March 18th. This bird looks very like our own swallow when in flight: the back is black, and the under parts are white; throat and top part of the breast rufous. The tail is forked and has white spots at its base. The Chinese encourage these birds to nest in their houses, as they regard them as being lucky. The nest is a saucer-shaped affair of mud, dry grass, bits of paper, etc., and is usually stuck on to a rafter inside a house. The mosque swallow (*H. nipalensis*) is a slightly larger bird, and arrives a short time later. The lower part of the back is orange red, and the breast and lower parts are yellowish, so that it is easily distinguished from the Eastern house swallow. The nest is also often built on rafters, but is an elongated, closed-in arrangement, which the bird enters through a hole, like our own house martin.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

SOME REMARKABLE RHODODENDRONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you some photographs of rhododendrons in Lord Clifden's garden, Lanhydrock, Cornwall, which, with the figures given, may, I hope, be of interest to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE. I presume that standard rhododendrons of such dimensions are not, at any rate, very plentiful. They are of a pleasing shade of red and very full of bloom this year.—J. HAWKER.

THE FOOD OF GREBES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—For some time past I have been engaged upon an investigation on the food and economic relations of our British species of grebes. The investigation was commenced early in 1920, but, owing to a variety of causes, had to be placed on one side in 1921. In view of various recent statements that these birds are detrimental and injurious to certain fresh-water fishes, the work has been resumed in order that we may obtain a more thorough knowledge of the feeding habits of these birds throughout the year, estimated by the volumetric method. I should be very grateful to any anglers or others for specimens, field observations, etc.—WALTER E. COLLINGE.

DOES COCONUT INJURE WILD BIRDS?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am much distressed by being told that it is a very cruel thing to hang out coconuts for the birds to peck at. My informant (a doctor) says the birds—nuthatches, tits, etc.—gorge themselves with the food, are made ill in consequence, and die of a lingering and painful disease. I should be glad to know from your readers if they consider this to be the case, as I am a great lover of birds and have always felt I was doing them a kindness and not an injury by giving them coconuts.—ELEANOR V. PARSONS.

HOW ANIMALS UNDERSTAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Most animal lovers will agree that our domestic animals understand a certain amount of what is said to them by human beings, but it is not easy to determine exactly how much is conveyed by actual words, and how much by the tone in which the words are spoken. With regard to sporting dogs, the words used in the way of command are few and often accompanied by a descriptive gesture of the hand; also the same words are always used to imply the same thing. Probably, in most cases the eyes and ears of the dogs work in unison, and the command is thus understood and obeyed. In the case of horses wearing blinkers, the commands given have frequently to be understood by hearing only, and it may be argued that this requires a higher development or training than where both eye and ear act in concert. The following true incident may have a little bearing on this interesting subject. Several large elm trees have been felled in a field adjoining my garden, and when the timber wagons came to remove them the ladies of the house were extremely interested in seeing the way the horses worked together in getting the timber into position and loading it upon the wagons. Being anxious to watch the proceedings at close quarters, they left the house and stood out in the garden so as to see and hear clearly what was going on. To their great disappointment the whole process seemed suddenly to have been thrown out of gear by their appearance: the horses would not pull properly and the carters seemed suddenly to have lost control of them. When they returned to the house, however, the scene very quickly changed; the horses worked together and the work went on properly. The explanation of the dislocation in the work and apparent helplessness of the carters was really simple. The horses had been trained to understand and obey certain words of command, but the particular language in which these commands were uttered was likely to shock the ladies, so a difficult situation was created. It was quite useless to request the horses in mild and dignified language to pull, even if the carters were able to do so, for the horses did not understand. When the ladies had retired the carters were able to issue their commands in lurid and bloodthirsty terms with appropriate adjectives, and the horses, understanding, obeyed, and order was restored. To watch a team of timber horses shifting and loading timber, from a distance, is a fine sight and one calculated to make one think that the horses must indeed understand the language of human beings. The foregoing incident, however, goes to prove that their capacity for learning is probably limited, and that it is useless addressing them in a "foreign tongue."—ERNEST A. LITTEN.



HEIGHT 27FT.; SPREAD 33FT.; CIRCUMFERENCE OF BOLE 5FT. 1 IN.



HEIGHT 25FT. 6 INS.; SPREAD 31FT.; CIRCUMFERENCE OF BOLE 4FT. 4 INS

HEIGHT 31FT. 6 INS. ITS BREADTH IS DUE TO NATURAL LAYERS.
RHODODENDRONS AT LANHYDROCK.

CORMORANT CAUGHT WHILE ASLEEP

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was interested to read in your April 12th issue of a cormorant being captured while asleep in the Solway. The bird was evidently either "oiled" internally or had eaten too much fish. Last summer a gannet was captured near Lancaster in the same way. There was no trace of oil on the feathers, and outwardly it was apparently all right, except that the tail feathers were very worn and abraded. It died three days after its capture. During the first year of the war I picked a gannet out of the sea, apparently all right outwardly, but clogged up with oil internally. This bird recovered to become fairly tame, taking fish from the hand to the tune of 3lb. to 4lb. of sprats per day. Stromness Harbour, Orkney, is often full of sillocks, the young of the cole-fish, that they are taken off by cartloads to manure the land. Cormorants and shags so gorge themselves upon these fish that many of them sit or lie about incapable of movement. Possibly the bird mentioned by your correspondent had also fed not wisely but too well!—H. W. ROBINSON.

THE WIDENING OF OLD BRIDGES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The danger in which so many fine old bridges are being found to be this year must be arousing concern all over the country. I enclose a photograph of Rowsley Bridge, near Bakewell, on the main London-Manchester road. The County Council have decided on the widening of it, as was noticed in your paper some weeks ago. At present the structure itself is as firm as ever. The danger arises over the narrowness of the bridge—about 16ft. 6ins. between the parapets. There is at present no refuge whatever for foot passengers when two vehicles happen to meet on the bridge. The approaches, moreover, are exceptionally difficult. Representatives of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings recently met the County Surveyor on the spot and discussed the matter with him. The new portion of the bridge, which will be on the northern side, will be made of concrete, and the sides, though not the soffits of the arches, will be faced with old stone. The width will be increased to 40ft. The representatives of the S.P.A.B. indicated two or three aspects of the case in which your readers may be interested. They pointed it out as curious that, although the bridge was now reported dangerous, hitherto no danger signs had been set up. A "Dead Slow" notice should be set up either end. The approaches, which are confused by a railway crossing and a junction with another important road immediately at one end of the bridge create a difficulty which should never be allowed on a main road. At present the bridge is adequate for the traffic it has to bear, though, as the Surveyor pointed out, the bridge is "overdue" for rebuilding, with a view to the probable increase in road transport. But by the time that the traffic is sufficiently heavy to require the widening of the bridge, it is far from improbable that the road may be tapped nearer Bakewell and taken over the river lower down, avoiding all the elements which make the approaches tortuous

to-day; in which case a fine old bridge would have been spoilt for nothing.—MIDLANDER.

HAW-FINCHES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Is it not strange that so many people are ignorant of the presence of the hawfinch in their district? In a certain part of the Lake District hawfinches swarm, but some of the inhabitants are prepared to swear that there is no such bird as the hawfinch. This is excusable, perhaps, in view of the shyness of the bird, and its ravages among the peas are blamed upon the poor little shrew. Seeing a badly ravaged row of peas in a friend's



A HAWFINCH IN THE LAKE COUNTRY.

garden one day, I set myself the task of finding a hawfinch nest in the vicinity. Before long I found one at the top of a tall hawthorn tree, and was able to show my friend the eggs.—RUFUS H. MALLINSON.



"SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE O'ER."

DECORATION DAY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—America is a country of holidays and celebrations, most of which appear to be excuses for a break in the "awful hustle," but certainly Decoration Day (May 30th) is significant and appeals to every patriot, whether he be of the land of the Stars and Stripes or not. On that day every soldier's grave is decorated with a flag. It matters not if he died in his country's service or returned to civil life; so long as he had been a soldier his grave has a claim to this distinction. The practice originated after the Civil War, and the cemeteries in which the fallen were buried are the most conspicuous on Decoration Day, and processions of the veterans still take place to the graves of their old comrades. This, of course, is an expression of national feeling, but the far finer thing is the spirit that wishes to remember the humble grave in the village graveyard just as much as that of the wealthy man in the city cemetery, for they are both equally honoured—they served their country and, if necessary, would have given their lives for it. There is one grave that is never forgotten. It is only an ordinary tombstone with an iron railing round it, in a quiet little shady cemetery on the hillside overlooking Oyster Bay, but a great man lies buried there—Colonel Roosevelt. His wife's name is already on the stone waiting the day when she shall join him.—R. GORBOLD.

THE RARE POLECAT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Is not your correspondent, C. W. Greatorex, rather hasty in saying this animal is rare? It may be so in places, but I think that many of the animals and birds which are said to be nearly extinct are still to be met with in plenty in some localities. The dodo and great auk are, no doubt, lost or extinct, but it is shown now and again that other animals and birds have only to be sought to be found in plenty. Only a short time ago I came across a polecat in the act of killing a large rabbit at a spot on the Retford Road, near Workop. I drove the animal away, and had hardly turned when the polecat darted back to its prey and began to drag it to a hedge bottom. I again interfered, and put the rabbit out of its misery, during which the polecat watched me with a ferocious look; but I took the rabbit away and the polecat slunk into the hedge. In Derbyshire I know a spot near Horsley where the polecat was, and, no doubt, still is plentiful. In a track lane some six feet wide at the bottom in a dense place lived a colony of these animals, and I remember that a still close by was called "Polecat Stile," because these creatures were often seen at the stile, and it was shunned because of the "polecat stink" always strong near it. It was once a common sight to see the wiry and fierce little rodents, and, perhaps, still is.—THOS. RATCLIFFE.

ROOKS FEEDING ON THE BEACH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Perhaps some of your readers can let me know whether at the seaside it is the habit of rooks to feed on the beach. There was lately a number of these birds at Hastings feeding in the sand and shingle well above high-water mark. They seemed to have voracious appetites, but what they found I cannot say. It is true that the ground has been rather hard owing to the fine weather, but there must be plenty of land food. I always thought that rooks avoided a sea diet.—CHARLES WATNEY.



ROWSLEY BRIDGE.

ROME OR IRAN

The Origin of Christian Church Art. New Facts and Principles of Research, by Josef Strzygowski. Translated from the German by O. M. Dalton and H. J. Braunholtz. (Oxford University Press, 42s.)

THE remarkable quality of this book, apart from its fascinating subject and the entirely original treatment of it, lies in the conciseness, and yet detail, with which the author has covered his tremendous field. His criticisms range from Korea and Chinese Turkestan, through Mesopotamia and Armenia, Byzantium and Italy to Northumbria, Ireland and Scandinavia. The accepted histories of art tend to confine themselves exclusively to the West; only comparatively recently has it been so much as admitted that there is any art but European art. Christian church art has been derived wholly from Greek and Roman sources, and representation has been held to be the only aim and criterion of art. Our traditions of architecture, sculpture and painting are accepted as being derived solely from those of the Mediterranean littoral.

Professor Strzygowski has for thirty years been the pioneer of research into the links that join up the cultures of the Eurasian continent, and this book is the summary of his life's work. To call it suggestive would be to understate its effect ludicrously. Revolutionary would be the only adequate description, were it not a summary of many other books by him which have already made some impression on art historians. He is principally concerned with the great Aryan forces which were moving and developing outside the frontiers of the Roman Empire, with their previous religions, and the effect of Christianity upon their art.

The problem to-day no longer concerns the rival claims of Rome and the East; it concerns the Aryan Spirit in East and West, its assimilation of religions which had grown up on Semitic ground, its flowering through their formative art. Just as Christianity took final shape among the Western Aryans, so did Islam among the Aryans of the East. The subject of the present book is limited to the period between Christ and Mohammed. But in this period Christian art itself was penetrated by the East Aryan spirit; its whole development towards its approaching ascendancy in Europe is only intelligible if we grasp this hitherto neglected fact. Early Christian art was only antique—that is, Greek and Semitic—in those features which crippled its development:—in the timber-roofed basilica and in the monotonous objectivity of its representation. Architecture and its decoration, which gave to art life and growth for more than a thousand years, which formed the germ of its development, was entirely in the hands of the East. . . . What Hellas was to the art of antiquity, that Iran was to the art of the new Christian world and to that of Islam.

When Christianity spread towards the East, which it did with far greater rapidity and success than it penetrated the Roman Empire, it found in Mesopotamia, and in Iran beyond the great rivers, a flourishing vaulted architecture, and—here Strzygowski makes an induction which as yet cannot be proved—a symbolic but non-representational art in the service of the Mazdean religion which prevailed from Persia eastwards. Christianity became the state religion of Persia and Armenia by the third century, when still a persecuted sect in Rome. The assumption that Mazdaism employed art, although no actual remains of it have been found, is made on the strength of the symbolism, evidently Mazdean in origin, which is found both in early Christian and in Islamic art. One example will suffice: in the apse mosaics of many Italian basilicas occurs a landscape, which Christian tradition leaves unaccounted for. In it are represented clouds, earth, vegetation, water and the sun. These symbols Strzygowski identifies with the attributes of the Hvarenah of Mazdean lore: "Hvarenah—the power that makes running water gush from springs, plants sprout from the soil, winds blow the clouds; that permeates the whole countryside; the power from whence the Sun derives its strength to purify earth and water and banish the evil demons of darkness."

One of the most engrossing themes of the book is the tracing of Armenian church architecture from 300 to 1100 A.D. These astonishing domed and vaulted churches, built of finest ashlar masonry, are inexplicable if Rome and Greece are considered the only origins of Christian art. Strzygowski accounts for them by the meeting in Armenia of an Aryan race which had a wooden architecture in which a kind of primitive corbel-dome was in use, with the stone-vaulted architecture of Mesopotamia. The effect of the Armenian churches on Western architecture was exerted through Antioch, whence the octagonal domed structure with apse buttresses was adopted by Justinian for S. Sophia, and S. Vitale at Ravenna. Previously, Theodoric almost certainly

employed an Armenian architect to build his mausoleum at Ravenna, which agrees exactly with the ancient descriptions given of the tombs of early Armenian kings.

Armenian art was not representational. The adoption by Christianity of representation, after its setting up as the state religion by Constantine, is another engrossing section of this work. It is significant that the Irish Christianity, and that prevalent in Northumbria in the time of Bede, when the Lindisfarne gospel was illuminated and the Bewcastle cross carved, was not only almost non-representational, but the designs and conventions employed are often identical with those used in Armenia, in the Coptic churches of Egypt and in Iran.

The same Aryans who in Armenia eventually produced the first Christian vaulted architecture, carried their wooden architecture westwards. They took it into Italy as the Lombards,



CHURCH OF ST. GREGORY, ANI.

From a painting by A. Fetvadjian.

into Gaul as the Franks, and into Britain as the Saxons, and into Scandinavia. In this latter remain a few wooden churches directly comparable to the wooden churches in the Ukraine. Saxon ornaments found in England, moreover, are strikingly similar to ornaments dug up in Southern Russia. In time this wooden architecture developed into a kind of Gothic. In England it seems to have developed singularly completely. Earls Barton Tower, Northants, is adduced as being closely related to an architecture of slender timber masts such as that of Scandinavia. These same Aryans eventually evolved the Gothic style, which was temporarily subdued again by the Hellenistic at the Renaissance. Now the Hellenistic dogmas of representation are again losing ground. We are yielding ever more and more to our Aryan dislike of representation and long repressed feeling for austere and abstract form.

It has been possible here to give only fragments of a few aspects of this very important and fascinating book. Professor Strzygowski has worked for thirty years in Armenia and Syria and has published many books, of which this is a summary, and the only one accessible to English readers. It is well illustrated, admirably translated and very pleasantly produced. C. H.

THE ESTATE MARKET

A MILLIONAIRE'S SEAT

STOCKGROVE, near Leighton Buzzard, with the manors of Stewkley and Leighton Buzzard, to be offered at an early date, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, extends to approximately 1,840 acres, and is of special interest as it was the property of the late Mr. J. Trueman Mills, who died recently, leaving well over four millions sterling. He was in occupation of the residence at the time of his death, and the sale is by order of his executors.

The Earl of Rosslyn's trustees have sold three farms on the Dysart estate, Kirkcaldy, through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who have also disposed of 1,925 acres on the Mountblair estate, Banffshire.

Buckenham Tofts, to be submitted next Thursday at Hanover Square, includes the Georgian mansion and 2,800 acres of the best shooting in Norfolk. Full details of the game bags and the property generally were given in these columns a fortnight ago. Then also reference was made to the important auction, on June 10th, of the furniture and works of art at Chipstead Place, near Sevenoaks, and it only remains to be added that Sir Rowland Hodge, Bt., has directed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to sell the estate of 282 acres immediately before bringing the collection under the hammer.

AN OLD ALDERMANIC OWNERSHIP.

THE history of the Essex manor, Shortgrove, Newport, may be traced to the Middle Ages. Before the Norman Conquest, "Scortegran," as it was then named, was held by two freemen, Uluuin and Gricell, and at the time of the Domesday Survey it was owned by Eustace Earl of Bologne and his under-tenant, Adelolf de Merc. The estate was bequeathed to the Prior and Convent of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, by whom it was held in the time of Henry II under the Merk family. In the sixteenth century the manor was held by Sir William Finnerne and his grandson, who were followed by the Elringtons, from whom the property was purchased by Giles Dent, citizen and Alderman of London, and the present mansion was built by a son of the latter early in the reign of Queen Anne in place of an older house. During the ownerships of the Earl of Thomond and Viscount Tadcaster the house was enlarged, and Morant, in his history (1768) observes that this owner "improved the Seat greatly with Gardens and Canals above the hill, which are ferved with water thrown up from the River Cam below by an engine contrived by Dr. Desaguliers." William Pitt the younger was a frequent visitor when Shortgrove belonged to Joseph Smith, his secretary. Lord Cardross purchased the estate in 1892, and it was subsequently owned by Mr. James Bailey, sometime Member of Parliament, from whom it was purchased by the late Sir Carl Meyer. The estate, which is to be offered by auction shortly by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, covers some 1,050 acres and, besides the lordship of the manor, the sale will include the mansion, seated in a stately park, agricultural holdings and a Tudor house.

SUSSEX COAST SITES.

LITTLEHAMPTON is a growing resort, having a place among the most favoured from the holiday maker's standpoint as regards hours of sunshine *per diem* and smallness of rainfall. It has also safe bathing from the shallow beach and some of the broadest and best sands in England. The proximity of the river Arun gives the place an additional claim as a pleasure spot. Without doubt the accommodation for visitors along this part of the coast could be doubled and yet not be excessive, and there is a large and hitherto unsatisfied demand for sites for the erection of small houses which, inexpensive to keep up throughout the year, repay the owners tenfold during the summer when there is all the difference between going into "apartments" and having a place of one's own to go to. The point is worth making now that 1,254 acres at Climping, adjoining the town, are to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley by order of the Dennis Estates, Limited. Littlehampton Station practically adjoins the estate and Ford Junction is only a mile north of the shore. For those who may not wish

to build there should be something worth enquiry in the old houses on the farms and otherwise dotted about the property, and there are some thirty cottage properties. Only a preliminary announcement has been made, but the auction is expected to take place shortly.

HORSELUNGES MANOR.

HORSELUNGES MANOR, Hellingly, near Eastbourne, a fifteenth century moated house in fairly good preservation, is Lot 1, with 60 acres, in an auction next Wednesday at Hailsham by Messrs. A. Burtenshaw and Son. There are in all in the twenty lots some 220 acres, but the house is the one of importance. It contains magnificent old beams and panelling, and a blocked-up mullioned window that is worth a journey from Town to see. Perhaps, however, even more generally interesting is the Field No. 746 in Lot 1, adjoining the house, for there took place a tragedy which is still remembered because of its association with vital principles of constitutional law. Long ago, on April 30th, 1541, Thomas Fiennes, ninth Baron Dacre, and a party of youths, left Hurstmonceux Castle for a poaching frolic in Nicholas Pelham's park at Laughton. The party got separated and met some of Pelham's servants, and a fight followed in which one of Pelham's men was killed. In the circumstances the Privy Council declined to institute a prosecution, but Henry VIII, then nearing his worst, and, as Stubbs says, "cruelly, royally vindictive" compelled proceedings, desiring the death of Lord Dacre. The young man's defence seems to have been mismanaged, for "over-persuaded by the courtiers who gaped after his estate," he first pleaded guilty and then withdrew the plea. He was condemned. The judges themselves urged the King to spare the life of the young fellow, but "the Merry Monarch" was obdurate, and Dacre died at Tyburn along with three of his seven companions. The historical importance of the incidents which led to this execution has resulted in references to it by Froide and other historians, and the story is told originally in Hollinshed's Chronicles, Camden's Elizabeth (1594) and the Hayley MSS. in the British Museum.

RAINHAM HALL, ESSEX.

RAINHAM HALL, on the Essex shore of the estuary of the Thames, is for sale, freehold, with possession, by order of executors, by Messrs. Wm. Willett, Limited. It was described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of June 5th, 1920 (page 760), being then in the ownership of Colonel H. H. Mulliner. Rainham Hall has been called "a Georgian village house, exquisite in character and detail—of its class a polished gem which has had exceptional escape from re-cutting and re-setting." Every room and even cupboard is panelled, and the front porch, having finely carved Corinthian columns and a circular pediment, is one of the most perfect existing examples. Colonel Mulliner loved Rainham, and, in some well written notes on the house, he rightly claimed that it had had unusual care and genius bestowed upon its construction.

ABBOT'S PARLOUR AT THAME PARK.

FINELY illustrated particulars of Thame Park have been prepared by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., the estate being, as announced in COUNTRY LIFE a week ago, for sale by the Mount Street firm. Eight miles from Princes Risborough, and therefore less than forty-five minutes by train from Paddington, Thame Park has architectural qualities which have been described at some length in these columns, a special article quoted last week, having been accorded to it. The extraordinary richness and elegance of the interior details, such as the mantelpieces, is well brought out in Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.'s synopsis of the estate, and it has been stated in a recent article on the Tudor Rooms lately opened in Hampton Court that "only the Abbot's Parlour at Thame Park can be said in any degree to vie with them from an archaeological and decorative point of view." That "Parlour," of course, is in the Tudor wing of Thame, on the first floor of the tower, and it was built, panelled and decorated by Robert King, the Abbot,

for his personal use. A fine picture of the Abbot's Parlour adorns the particulars. The views of the Chiltern Hills in the distance are enchanting, and the grounds with their old monastic fish ponds have a charm all their own. The gardens, though old in design, have not lacked spirited renewal of their trees, and the whole estate has had an adequate expenditure made upon it on very sound principles, so that everything is in excellent order. As often happens in the case of houses such as Thame, where the interior work is of exceptional importance, a separate valuation has been prepared of the carving, panelling and similar features, and though we are not at liberty to disclose the figure, and it is a high one, it is yet very moderate for work of such a surpassing interest. The freehold is for sale. As a sporting estate Thame shows a good game bag, and the park coverts are a favourite draw of the South Oxfordshire Hounds.

SALES BEFORE AUCTION.

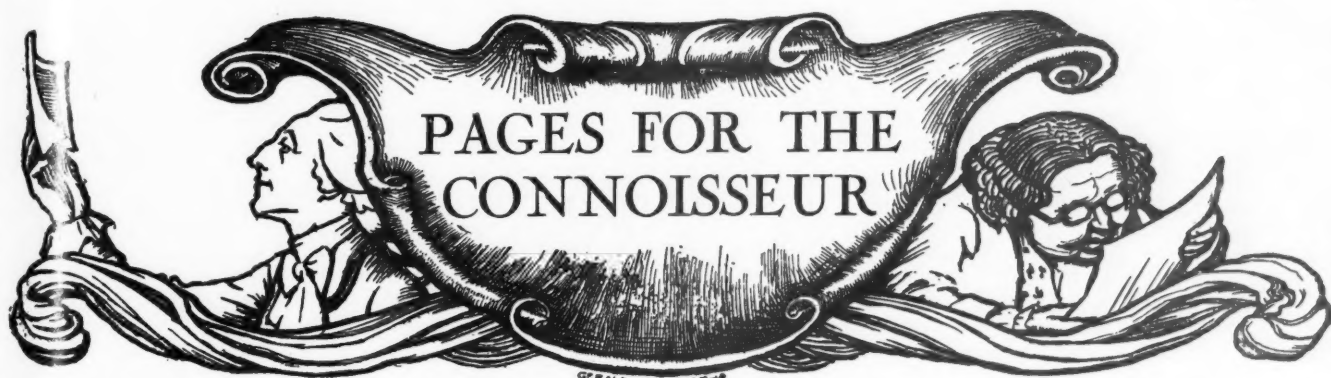
SURREY property, The Watchetts, Frimley, of over 180 acres, has been sold by Messrs. Sadler and Baker. A very keen demand for houses and sites in the Epsom and Leatherhead districts is reported by Messrs. Chas. Osenton and Co., whose head had just been elected President of the Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute. Their sales include St. Patrick's, Tadworth, and the Woodlands, Ashted. Development for single houses or on a larger scale at Barton-on-Sea, Hants, will receive an impetus after the auction in July of sea front and other sites, by Messrs. Hankinson and Son. Woodham Place, built in 1896 by Mr. F. Griffith, is to be sold on his behalf by Messrs. Harrods, Limited. It is near Woking station, in about 3 acres of grounds, and handy for nine golf courses. Like so many other properties Park House, Combe Martin, a North Devon place of a couple of acres, found a buyer before auction, and the agents were Messrs. Price and Cryer.

Another sale before auction is that of Rissington, Walton-on-Thames, a modern house and 8 acres, by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons, who have, in conjunction with Messrs. Oakden and Co., sold Highcombe, Eastbourne, a freehold with plenty of accommodation. The firm has an attractive list of town and other houses to deal with at auction next month, and a modern house and 2 acres at Beaconsfield, for £5,500, and other private bargains. Before auction also, Anglebee, Kennington, near Oxford, 6½ acres, has been sold by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, whose sale of Park Farm, Swinford, 166 acres, to the tenant, leaves only five lots unsold out of the 3,700 acres of the Stanford estate, near Rugby. They will offer Offchurch, 1,912 acres, next month, in sixty-seven lots. The late Lord Canton expended an enormous sum on the property, which is near Leamington Spa.

An idea of the value and variety of the seaside and country properties dealt with in a single office may be had by reference to an illustrated booklet that has just been issued by Messrs. Fox and Sons. The Bournemouth and Swanage residences, the whole streets of investments, there, naturally, have prominence; but there are also mansions in various parts of the country, some as far north as the Tyne, and others, like the Perry Hall estate, in the Midlands. Shaftesbury is shown, for the firm's auction of the greater part of the borough is still remembered.

SINODUN SALE.

NEXT Wednesday at Reading the prehistoric settlement now known as Wittenham Clumps, three miles from Wallingford, 300 acres, including the celebrated Sinodun Hill, on which the Romans had an encampment, will come under the hammer of Messrs. Simmons and Sons. The firm is to dispose of the Denford estate on the same occasion. This pleasantly placed old house with 785 acres, a few miles from Newbury, was, like the Wittenham property, referred to at some length in the Estate Market page of May 10th, and both have a fascinating history and natural amenities as well as, in the case of the riverside land, possibilities from the angle of development. In this connection it is as well, perhaps, that the Castle Hill of Sinodun is scheduled as an Ancient Monument. **ARBITER.**



OLD ENGLISH WALL-PAPERS AND WALL HANGINGS

II.—CHINESE WALL-PAPERS AND PAPERS IN THE CHINESE STYLE

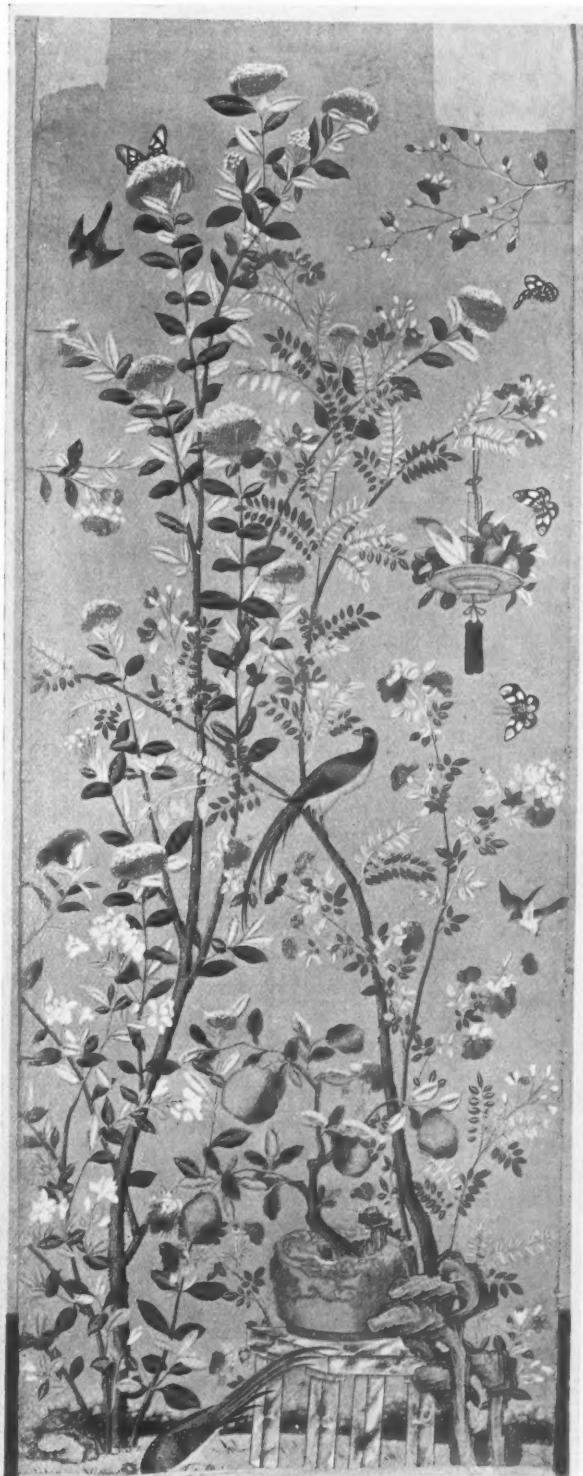
THE engraver Jackson, in calling attention to his own wares, claims that his hangings are not painted with "Lions leaping from Bough to Bough like cats, Houses in the air, clouds and sky upon the ground nor Monsters like the figures in Chinese paper"—a very inadequate summary of the lively subject matter of Chinese papers which were imported into this country in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. These fall into two main classes, pictorial representations of Chinese life and customs, such as the well known subject, the cultivation of tea, and the variation upon a series of flowering shrubs and reeds, enlivened by waterfowl and "Fantaisevögel" or exotic birds.

These Oriental paper-hangings, in which the life of China is vividly arrested and its birds and flowers still bloom, fitted excellently well with the somewhat fantastic furniture in the Chinese and rococo styles, giving the charm of strangeness and variety to a general idea which it was not suffered to overlay.

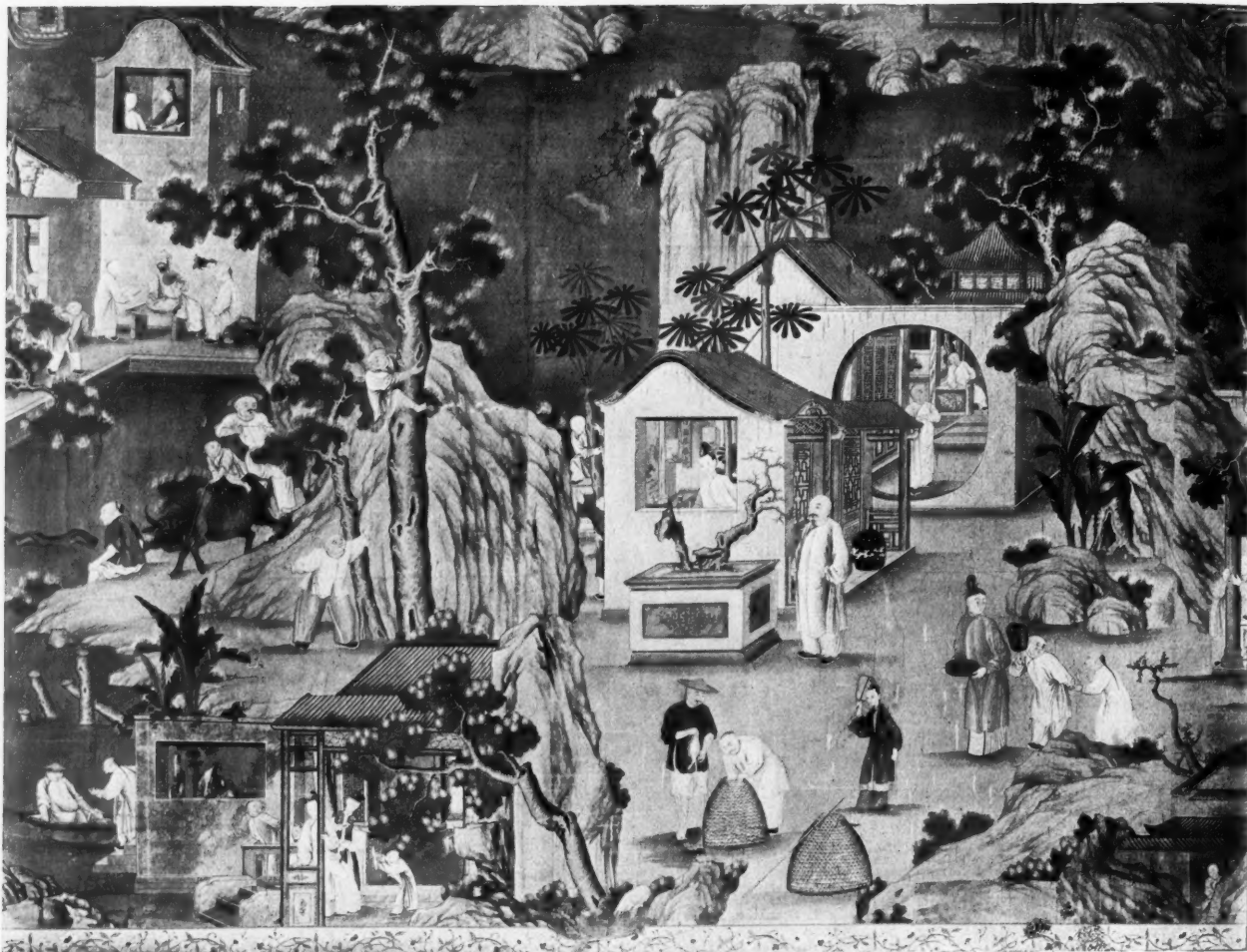
Panoramic figure subjects, such as the pleasures and trades of China, appear to have been hung in English houses about the reign of George III, to judge by the examples at Brasted and at Coker Court. In a bedroom in the latter house, the upper portion of the paper—the distance—is occupied by a range of serrated mountains; immediately below are villages, buildings, gardens, and figures in small groups. In the two rooms at Ramsbury decorated at the same period, a similar paper lines the outer and inner Chinese rooms, where the busy activities of Chinamen—bee-keeping, boating on the river or conversing in garden houses—are clearly depicted (Fig. 2).

The cultivation of tea is a favourite eighteenth century motif, and in 1784 twenty sheets of India paper representing this subject are advertised for sale. In many cases there is a baseless tradition that the paper was the gift of the Emperor of China, but a more probable donor in certain cases was Lord Macartney, the British Envoy from whom Thomas Coutts received the paper until lately on the walls of a room in that firm's bank in the Strand. The flowering shrub or bamboo type seems to have been imported earlier into this country and to have remained in favour among a flower-loving people until the early years of the nineteenth century. In 1720 the walls of a parlour at Wanstead are described as adorned with China paper, "the figures of men, women, birds and flowers, the liveliest I ever saw come from that country"—a reference that indicates a type of paper in which diverse decorative motifs were combined. Chinese papers were a luxury for a few—Lady Mary Coke speaks of one as having cost 3 guineas a sheet—and they are found, where they survive, in the parlour or Chinese bedrooms of the larger English country houses.

In contemporary letters and diaries these Chinese papers are usually referred to as "Indian." The fact that Chinese papers reached these shores through the agency of the East India Company doubtless accounts for the long persistence of the term. The supply of genuine Chinese paper does not appear to have been adequate to the demand, and there are constant references to the efforts of English manufacturers to make paper-hangings as "perfect" as the Oriental. An advantage of the English-made paper was that it could be ordered to fit a room; and an American, Thomas Hancock, writing from Boston in 1738 to a London stationer, John Rowe, encloses the dimensions of the room he wishes to hang with a paper in the style of a pattern he had sent, which had "taken much in ye town." By all means, he adds, "get mine well done and as cheap as possible, and if they can



I.—PANEL OF CHINESE PAINTED WALLPAPER



2.—CHINESE HAND-PAINTED PAPER AT RAMSBURY.

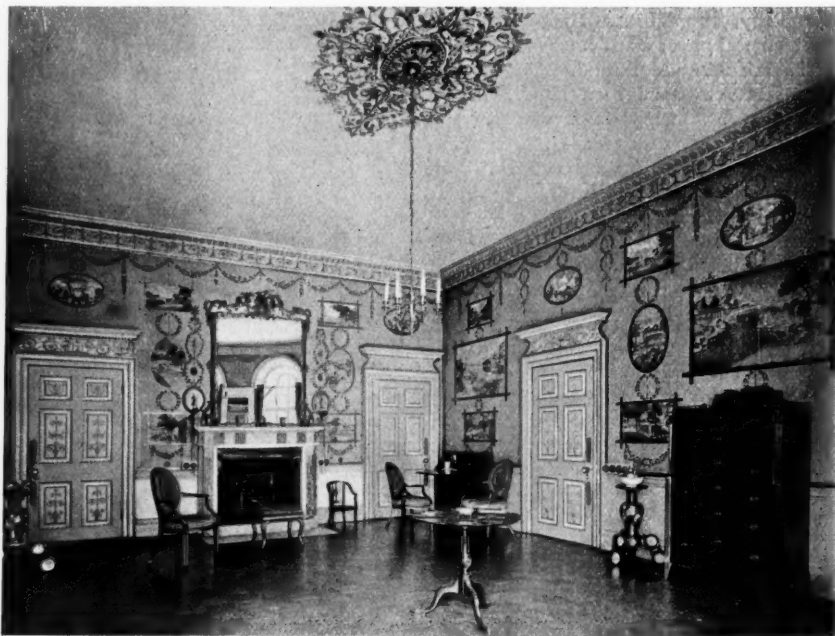
make it more beautiful by adding more birds flying here and there, with some Landscips at the Bottom, should like it well." He concludes that these hand-coloured papers in the Chinese style, with their pleasing variety of "Different sorts of birds, Peacocks, Macoys, Squirrel, Monkys, Fruit and Flowers," are handsomer and better than "the painted hangings done in oyle."

The architectural features of the room—the doors, windows and cornice—were not affected by the exotic wall-covering; though we are told by Mrs. Delany that in a room hung with "Indian" paper at Cornbury the ceilings were ornamented in the Indian taste, and "the frames of the glass and all the finishing of the room are well suited."

As was pointed out in Mr. H. Avray Tipping's very interesting article in *COUNTRY LIFE*, April 12th, upon "Thomas Chippendale and his Clients," it was customary to run a strip or border of wood or papier mâché as a framing to paper hangings. By the accounts quoted, the drawing-room was finished by an "antique border very neatly carved in wood and gilt burnished," and this border was made to fit the doors and chimney cornices. The system of bordering the paper, and framing Chinese landscapes, set in a formal relation upon the wall, is well seen in the room at Clifton (Fig. 3).

The technique of the English-made papers is distinct from the Oriental, having, as is visible in the illustrations, a fine etched outline and a certain amount of shading, the colouring being afterwards added by hand. In an advertisement in the *London Evening Post* for January 8th, 1754, we are told that the new

invented paper-hangings infinitely surpass anything of the like nature hitherto made use of, "being not distinguishable from rich India paper, and the same being beautifully coloured in pencilwork and gilt." Such hand-painting or pencilling, as it was termed, was limited to such nice work as the better imitations of Chinese papers, in which that expensive colour, carmine, might be laid on with the brush. Sometimes, according to an anonymous eighteenth century guide to the arts, hand-painting was used "for delineating some parts of the design where a spirit of freedom and



3.—CHINESE LANDSCAPES, FRAMED IN GILT PAPER BORDERS, ON A BISCUIT GROUND. AT CLIFTON HALL.

variety, not to be had in printed outlines, are desired to be had." In some panels dating from the second half of the eighteenth century, now hung on a staircase in the London Museum, there is no attempt to render these deceptive to the buyer. In one panel, a lady, seated on an English

trellis-back chair by a Chinese alcove, listens to the conversation of a very European personage wearing a blue coat and a three-cornered hat, while small Chinese servants are busy carrying or arranging the china in the alcove (Fig. 5).

In the panel from the Victoria and Albert Museum (Fig. 4) the treatment of the central vase is classical, though the drawing of the flower sprays and birds aims at Oriental "neatness."

In a paper at Wootton-under-Edge in Gloucestershire, the English origin is established by the duty stamp (G.R.). This hanging, which covers the walls of a room decorated in the middle years of the eighteenth century (with the exception of the chimney-breast), is bordered by a small black paper edging festooned with flowers, which is also carried round the door and window openings. The theme of the flowering shrub is varied as it is carried round the room; a row of slender blossoming trees is ranged upon the small promontories of an indented shore, and between them lotuses, irises and other water flowers fill the interstices, while round this shore wander and swim brilliantly hued birds, pheasants, cranes and ducks.

In the Chinese bedroom at Badminton the design is of slender bamboos, lifting their heads above an undergrowth of camellias and other flowers, while exotic birds thread their way among the light branches. In the bedrooms at Nostell (only a few years later in date than the Badminton room which Dr. Pococke admired on his travels in 1754) the design is of tall flowers and shrubs, such as pæonies, chrysanthemums and reeds, relieved against the pea-green ground that was at that period so much admired. To correspond, the furniture is lacquered pea-green. At Bocket Hall, a flowering shrub paper is carried round two communicating rooms on the first floor, and here the design of magnolias and pæonies is relieved against a French grey ground varied with a white (hardly visible) design of tall reeds.

The ground is usually white, or a light colour, but Lady Mary Coke notices, in 1766, at "his Majesty's Lodge, Richmond Park," an Indian paper in the Great Room which cost three guineas the sheet, "which looked like Japan," but, she adds, "the dark blue ground makes the room appear dismal."

In these papers the design usually pursued its way round the room without a break, except for the inevitable apertures of doors and windows. In the "Indian" suite of rooms at Bowood, however, the design is set out in large panels of which the upper corners are canted, and the whole framed in a painted treillage of bamboo. The large birds that inhabit the design, peacocks, golden pheasants and ducks, are in effective colour contrast with the ground colour. Horace Walpole, the high priest of the Gothic, who decorated a room in the Chinese style, in Essex, also arranged his "large and very fine Indian landscapes within panels, carrying a black fret round them and round the whole entablature of the room."

There was a revival of interest in Chinese papers during the Regency, perhaps as a reaction against the severities of the Greek manner; and in 1802 some fine Chinese papers were given to the Prince Regent, who formed a gallery at the Pavilion at Brighton, decorated with dragons, lanterns and pagodas, to show off his treasure to the best advantage. But, though a number of genuine Chinese papers were imported at this time, the resultant nineteenth century imitations of accompanying Chinese carving and detail are of minor interest.

M. JOURNAIN.



4.—ENGLISH PAPER, HAND-PAINTED.
The outline etched.



5.—ENGLISH PAPER IN THE CHINESE STYLE, HAND-PAINTED.
The outline etched. Circa 1760.

A TAPESTRY OF THE MONTHS

HISTORICAL AUTOGRAPHS—COINS—RARE BOOKS.

ONE of the most popular and early subjects for weaving in tapestry was the rural occupations of the Months of the Year. The oldest designs for these were probably founded on the miniatures in the Calendars of Books of Hours. The most prominent series has been termed the "Lucas Months," from its supposed designer, Lucas Van Leyden. It was much used at the Gobelins. Nearly every tapestry manufactory had its own designs of the subject; those used at Mortlake were particularly fine, and, being much practised at the period when the English manufactory was supreme, the high quality was maintained in later times. After being for a period regarded with disfavour, the better Mortlake tapestries have come into just appreciation, and, although the money test is futile in art matters, it is useful to point out that a set of five Mortlake tapestries, representing the "Acts of the Apostles," after Raphael, at Ford Abbey, were recently sold to an American museum for £100,000.

A very fine panel of the Mortlake designs is illustrated here. It represents the months of May and June, the first by a cavalier, lady and boy riding through the green country with a falcon, the lady bearing a green branch. A graceful column wreathed with ivy separates the subject from that of June—the repast of

Viscount Melville (1742-1811), the intimate friend of Pitt and holder of many important offices of State, and Robert, second Viscount Melville. The collection is suggestive of a "listening-in" designed for the ear of Lord Melville. It begins with voices reporting of America, Canada and other Colonies; then comes the great voice of Edmund Burke in strenuous prosecution of Warren Hastings—"nothing in the world," he wrote, "is nearer to my heart than the successful prosecution of Warren Hastings"—and the series of letters seems to culminate in an almost frenzied and abusive attack, in one described as the finest ever offered for acquisition. Different is Lord Dundonald, urging the use of his war plan for destroying an enemy's fleet by fire-ships and burning masses of sulphur and charcoal in a favourable wind—the prototype of poison gas. In the correspondence concerning Napoleon on the Bellerophon and the Northumberland and the French Revolution, there are the outcomes of many minds, great and small, the chief of which is Napoleon's folio letter to Lord Keith, August 7th, 1815, protesting against being sent to St. Helena. In another letter he prefers death, and states his desire to live in a citadel in the interior of England. It is pleasant to turn from this to the correspondence with Sir Walter Scott, in reference to raising troops in view of the

H. Fantin-Latour the other week, were lacking, the figures obtained for modern pictures and drawings from the collection of the late Sir Thomas Devitt, Bt., of 6, Buckingham Gate, S.W., by Messrs. Christie on May 16th were full of interest to those who like to mark the ebb and flow in value of the works of modern English painters or those of the early English and other schools.

The total realised by the dispersal of the collection was £7,774 13s. 6d., and the following are the chief prices realised. The highest price was obtained for "The Hosh (Court-yard) of the Coptic Patriarch's House, Cairo," on panel, 43½ ins. by 42 ins., by J. F. Lewis, R.A., 1864, and exhibited in the Academy that year: a picture that has declined in value. It was shown in the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1878, and the Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901, while it was successively in the W. Leaf (1875), L. Huth (1893) and Holbrook Gaskell (1909) collections, and in the years indicated its price was respectively £1,942 10s., £1,732 10s. and £514 10s. On the occasion of the present sale its value rose again to £651, at which it became the property of Messrs. Gooden and Fox. "Washing Day," peasant woman with her two daughters taking down the clothes, 18 ins. by 20 ins., by Edward Stott, A.R.A., exhibited at the New Gallery, 1890, and at Burlington House, 1922, was purchased by Mr. Sampson for £441. "Hove-to for a Pilot," by Henry Moore, R.A., painted and exhibited in the Academy in 1893, 47½ ins. by 72 ins., fell under the hammer at £315 (M. Leggatt). Other prices were: "Our Poor Relations," by Sir Edward Landseer, R.A., 35½ ins. by 27½ ins., shown in various exhibitions and formerly in the Earl of Northbrook's collection, £294 (M. Leggatt); "Portrait of Philip, 7th Earl of Pembroke" when a youth, in slate-coloured doublet with slashed sleeves and white lawn collar, 29½ ins. by 24 ins., and formerly in the Wentworth Castle collection, by Gerard Soest, £294 (Leggatt Brothers); "Mont St. Michel, Normandy: Sunset," on panel, 18½ ins. by 23 ins., by Albert Goodwin, 1904 £71 8s. (Vicars); by Frank Brangwyn, R.A. "An Orange Market," on panel, 19 ins. by 23 ins., £204 15s. (M. Leggatt); "The Gate of the Great Mosque of Damascus," on panel, by G. Bauernfeind of Munich, 1890, £199 10s. (M. Leggatt); "For he had Great Possessions," by G. F. Watts, R.A., £173 5s. (M. Leggatt); "The Orange Market, Algiciras," a drawing by Frank Brangwyn, R.A., 1900, £168 (The Fine Art Society); a sketch of the "Head of Mrs. Williams," by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., £157 10s. (Levy of New York); "An Italian Landscape," a lake scene with ruins, high hills with a castle on the left and three figures in the foreground, formerly in the Colonel Hugh Bailie (1858) and Louis Huth (1905) collections, £120 15s. (M. Leggatt); "Bubbles," 13 ins. by 7½ ins., by J. W. Waterhouse, R.A., £110 5s. (Sampson); "A Venetian Palace," a drawing 13½ ins. by 10½ ins., by D. J. Cameron, R.A., £105 (Cornel); "Benderloch," a small picture on panel by the same artist, £94 10s. (Tooth Brothers); and "Digging for Sand Eels, Braid Sands," by J. C. Hook, R.A., 1866, exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1867, and formerly in the Octavius Coope collection, £89 5s. (M. Leggatt).

A very rare colour print was sold at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's Leicester Square Galleries on the 15th, "Queen Victoria on a Balcony," taken from Baxter's print of the title, for £25 (Clarke). The sale, which comprised Le Blond and other colour prints, brought in £968. At Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's sale of English furniture, Chinese porcelain, arms and armour, English glass and objects of art from various sources, on May 16th, the total sum realised was £1,628.

Paintings and drawings, engravings and prints were sold by Messrs. Robinson, Fisher and Harding on May 15th, when a picture by Hondecoeter representing a dog, peacock, cock, hen, chicken and other birds in a landscape, was secured at £52 10s. by Mr. Russell, to whom also fell "The Grocer's Shop," by Velazquez, at £63, and "Collecting the Octroi," by Cuyt, a group of seven men and a boy with wagon under some trees, at £50 8s. At their sale of porcelain, bronzes, sporting guns, etc., on the 16th an old Chinese dinner service of flowers and wheel-shaped designs in colours in 108 pieces, brought £70 (J. R. Thomas).

D. VAN DE GOOTE.



A FINE TAPESTRY PANEL OF THE MONTHS, FROM RUSHBROOKE: "MAY AND JUNE."

the haymakers in the foreground, in the distance figures at labour.

In drawing generally, and especially in the technique of the faces, this panel is equal not only to the best Mortlake panels, but to the Gobelins. In the treatment as a whole there is a wonderful, almost Gothic, breadth and simplicity, while the colour scheme is admirably decorative. It was formerly at Rushbrooke and is now the property of Mr. Basil Dighton, Savile Row, W.1. The border is narrow and of scroll and rod ornament, with the English tapestry mark of St. George's cross. It measures 9ft. 2 ins. by 12ft. 9 ins.

Sets of the Months were also woven by weavers who set up manufactories of their own during the later phases of the Mortlake works. Some of the London weavers have signed their names in the selvages of the panels they executed, as in the case of Thomas Poyntz or of Stephen de May, who wove his initials in a panel of the Months of March, April and May, the last of the same design as that of the panel here illustrated, although the border is of a different type.

One of the most interesting sales from the historical and literary points of view will take place on June 2nd and 3rd, when Messrs. Sotheby will dispose of autograph letters, historical documents and books, comprising the Melville Papers, the property of Violet Viscountess Melville, and other properties. The Melville Papers consist of the letters and despatches received by Henry Dundas, first

riots and his "forty stout fellows" in his Abbotsford circle; his recommendation of Robert Southey for the office of Royal Historiographer—"In early youth he was led astray by the first dawnings of French revolutionary principles, but has since made ample amends"; and his whimsical reference to the question of his arms and the Herald's College.

Among the other items in the sale are a rare autograph letter by Edgar Allan Poe; letters concerning Napoleon; a poem in the hand of Charles Lamb; letters and manuscripts of Voltaire, Lord Byron, Thackeray; and the Gretna Green Marriage Register and Certificates, 1825-54, containing certificates of over eleven hundred marriages celebrated at Gretna Hall by John Linton, being the property of a descendant. There is an important collection of seventeenth century tracts and rare books, including Charles Lamb's "The King and Queen of Hearts," 1805; "Father Damien," 1890; and other coveted publications by Robert Louis Stevenson.

On the same days, Messrs. Sotheby will sell a remarkable collection of Greek, Roman, Byzantine, French and Russian coins, etc., in gold, silver and copper, and a collection of Greek coins, the property of a Russian nobleman. Many rare publications will figure in their sale of books, mostly of English literature from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, which is fixed for June 6th.

Although sensational prices, like those offered at the sale of flower paintings by

PROBLEMS OF CANADIAN DUCK SHOOTING

WRITING, as I am, from the sunny Province of Alberta, 6,000 odd miles from the home of COUNTRY LIFE, I find myself confronted perpetually by exactly the same problems as those that are from time to time discussed in the more technical of your "Shooting Notes." This is remarkable, to the extent that they are mainly concerned with the shooting of carefully tended and methodically driven birds, whereas on this side such things do not exist. One never gets the drive and is entirely dependent on the efforts of nature for the supply of birds. I have endeavoured in other contributions to portray the kind of sport that abounds here, and at the moment will confine myself to technical problems, as they appeal to someone who shoots under conditions not known in England. As to the choice of a gun, I can affirm right away that your preoccupations about inducing pheasants to rise would certainly bother no one over here. Of pheasants there are none, and as to other birds, the problem is how to get them down. A long-reaching gun seems to be indicated, though I very much doubt if it really is. If one walks into a sporting shop in any town in the West, very little choice is offered, though as far as different makes are concerned, in a good shop there is, of course, a large assortment. There are single barrels, doubles and pump guns, expensive and cheap; but where the limited choice comes in is in the boring, the most essential feature. I do not think that in the city of Edmonton, for instance, a true cylinder is to be had. Most of the makes are American, and every single-barrel gun, pump or otherwise, has a full choke; every double has a modified right and a full choke left; while some go so far as to have a full choke on each barrel. Having myself tried the choke and the cylinder for all kinds of work, I am convinced that the cylinder is preferable even for game shot under the conditions prevailing out here. Reliable guns of English make being unprocurable at a reasonable price, while new ones ordered through local retailers are entirely prohibitive, I was glad at the finish to secure an old hammer gun by a well known Belgian manufacturer, bored true cylinder in the right, this supposed defect accounting for the small sum at which it was offered. It is my sole armament for all shooting, geese included.

Though my outstanding handicap is the long shot, I still have to witness longer shots on the part of other gunners than I can myself achieve when using the "Super X" shell, whose qualities were discussed in the issue of September 16th, 1922. The longer the shot, the more practised must be the judgment that places the charge in the right place. A really long kill is a comparatively infrequent occurrence. Most shooters do not take the chance, and those who do have to be content with a small percentage of successes. The birds that I lose as compared with any other average shot are very few. On the other hand, in this land of plenty for the sportsman, I have frequently found myself the gainer in that every bird I secure is fit to go into the bag.

The man with the choke, who frequently uses shells with a specially heavy load, gets many a bird that is shot to bits because it has been taken at close range. With conditions imposing a limit of thirty birds a day, when four times that number can often be got in a short morning, a duck shot to bits is a duck wasted. It is usually thrown into the lake that tells no tales and another is shot in its place. Even if it cannot be replaced, as also often happens, it remains unfit for the table, and that is where the true cylinder scores over the choke, for undoubtedly on an average day's shoot long shots are in the minority. To a collector, a clean bird is, of course, of particular importance. An inspection of such pattern charts as appear from time to time in your columns proves that collectors at all events are better off with a true cylinder, which seldom collects pellets in clumps, whereas a choke seems to develop the habit. Two pellets entering at the same spot may make a very big hole and cause the bird to bleed far more profusely than a dozen pellets all entering singly. In a wind, a choke plays the most curious pranks. I have more than once known even a long shot to rip the entire side out of a duck and spoil it both for table and any other use, while heads shot right off are not as few and far between as one might think.

Another question that is always under discussion here is the best size of shot to use for the various birds. As far as my experience goes, sixes (American size 223 per oz.) are the ideal size for duck, although for a long time I used only seven and a half at 345 to the oz. However, considering the quantity of lead that some ducks, such as scoters, will carry away with them, the larger size is certainly preferable. With the smaller ducks too often fly a long way over the lake before dropping, when they may be out of reach of even a good dog.

That duck shooting out here affords better all-round sport than any other kind is certain. I believe that if a man can claim to be a successful duck shot under the conditions that hold in this province, he can shoot anything that flies. Consider the man who finds himself in a hide on the edge of a good duck lake. Birds come in from the body of water on to the land, and some also travel the opposite way. In addition, there are birds passing up and others passing down the shore line. Provided the gunner faces the same way the whole time he will get shots that require both the right-to-left and the left-to-right swing, as well as from directions coming and going. In other words, he

gets practice at four of the five commonest shots that occur, the fifth being that offered by a bird that has been suddenly jumped. Unless ducks are walked up along the reedy edges of some suitable lake, when a dog is a necessity, this particular shot seldom presents itself, but the mark offered is the most elementary of all so long as the shooter realises that the bird is rising as well as going away.

As far as my own experience goes I find that the coming bird is the easiest shot of the four enumerated above, provided there is no wind. If the bird is coming on a wind, and therefore travelling very fast, it makes little difference, because the increase in the speed of the swing is proportional, and with it the lead is lengthened. But a bird approaching into the teeth of a gale offers a different problem. It moves very slowly, wherefore one's swing is slow and the lead shortened. Yet one misses the bird. My considered conclusion is that under the conditions stated the lead has to be greater for the speed of the swing than in any other case, the reason, presumably, being the effect of the wind on the travelling charge.

The question of swinging a gun raises an interesting problem relative to the advantages and disadvantages of the pump gun. It carries six cartridges and has to be "pumped" between each shot. Although I have seen many a pump gun in use I have never yet met a first-class performer. There is no doubt that the interrupting effect of the pumping destroys the swing for the ordinary man and that the use of this firearm requires far more dexterity than a double barrel. Yet there are said to be men here and there who attain perfection. Every such gun is bored full choke and, as a rule, it shows at its best on long shots; though, personally, I cannot imagine anyone enjoying the use of this weapon even after having mastered its technique. With a bag limit of thirty birds the sport is apt to be so curtailed that machine-gun tactics seem inappropriate, and so far as the beginner is concerned this gun results in more wounded birds than any other. The reason appears to be that the general aim is seldom sufficiently accurate to centre the charge, though it is often near enough for pellets in the ragged edge of the pattern to hit the bird. Market shooting has, fortunately, seen its last days in this province, and one may hope that its appropriate instrument, the pump, will go the same way. Attempts to make it illegal have so far proved abortive, but in some provinces it is barred unless so modified as to take only two shells. In such conditions a double barrel is in all respects preferable. Although, as already stated, I have never myself seen good shooting by the user of a pump, instances of six birds being dropped right off the reel are not uncommon, while firing into a dense flock may bring down more than that. Even geese have been secured six at a time, four birds in succession being a comparatively frequent record.

The treatment of the birds after they have been killed and collected is one that naturally appeals to one like myself, whose main interest in life is their study and classification. I noticed the description of a game carrier in "Shooting Notes" in the issue of September 30th of last year, and further comment in the October 14th issue, but expected, on seeing the illustration accompanying the original paragraph, sooner or later to read criticism of the suspension of the birds by their necks. Curiously enough, such comment has never been forthcoming. Out here there are two popular methods of carrying game: the one is to dump the birds into sacks and the other to string them round the neck in batches. Both are deplorable and lead regularly to enormous waste. In early September, more particularly, the weather is often uncomfortably hot during the day; hence, if during the morning shoot the birds are thrown into a sack and left, possibly, till the next day or even the day after before being taken out, they still have yet another day or two before the time comes for their use. In this way hundreds become uneatable and are eventually thrown on the dust heap. Even where the sack is not used and the birds are strung up by the neck, their history is much the same, except, no doubt, that the percentage of loss is smaller. When freshly killed birds are carried by the legs the digestive juices are free to trickle out of the throat; but even then, when a large bag has been secured, birds in the centre of the bunch are retarded in the critical first cooling. According to my experience, the best way of treating birds is to throw them on the ground, not in a pile, but side by side in the shade till cool, then to string them by the feet and hang them anywhere where convenient out of the sun. The shady side of the car is an excellent spot. When the return home has to be made, all the birds are cold and they can be thrown into the back of the car with little fear of loss through careless handling. To anyone intending to get any of his birds mounted, these precautions are particularly necessary. Certainly, one that has been carried by the neck while still pliant becomes useless to the taxidermist.

The very simple contrivance that I always use might prove of interest. It consists merely of thick string with half-a-dozen running nooses on it at intervals of 4 ins., with, finally, a pad to ease the cut of the string on the shoulder. One bird goes to each noose, a single leg being passed through, the weight of the bird preventing the noose from slipping. Five of these will hold the day's bag (thirty), and since they are in small batches the weight can be distributed to suit the shooter. WM. ROWAN.

SHOOTING NOTES

By MAX BAKER.

REARING FIELD OPERATIONS BEGIN.

DATES in connection with the rearing of game are always interesting to fix, and I shall be safe in adopting as a key date for pheasants May 14th, a day when I made what appears to have devolved into my annual visit to the Liphook Game Farm. The morning was that following the remarkable night thunderstorm, flooded water meadows and swollen streams marking the generally water-logged condition of the land rather than the extent of this individual contribution. A particular water tank which I had emptied just previously was but half full by the morning, whereas the all-day rain of April 30th nearly filled it. Saturday the 10th inst. also marked a copious fall, and there have been many other wettings since the 22nd ult. which may be considered as marking the break of the previous long drought period. Reverting to May 14th I found that serious work had just begun on the rearing field, and this date is interesting because, following the usual procedure of these establishments, Liphook sets its own first batches of eggs. The reason is not that they reserve for themselves the choicest product of their pens, rather the reverse, for since fertility is not so certain in the first eggs laid, and a very high percentage is guaranteed, those which are likely to fall below the standard of the bulk are not sent out. A double advantage accrues from hatching them on the spot, first, a valuable test is applied and, second, such losses as may be occasioned by inclement conditions can be remedied before the season becomes too advanced. Stock birds are an all-important asset to the game farmer, early arrivals more especially, since at the time of their first laying their condition is about half way between first and second season birds. The little chicks which were already out on the rearing field looked very

are on sale at the price of 1s. each, in the same manner as those of the plover, and one naturally wonders whether they are the result of this sorting-out process, or have been poached. If the latter, the process is one which should be discouraged by all possible means. Game farmers and preservers, if they are the parties concerned, would do well to stamp such eggs "infertile" so as to differentiate them from the much costlier article which is appropriate for incubation. Generally speaking, there would be no suspicious element in their sale so long as their special character was denoted by smallness or that species of frosty surface which is so different from the rich brown of a good egg.

THE FAVOURITE BREED OF PHEASANT.

Another incidental passage in the course of a very interesting day arose when passing some pens which contained pheasants recently imported from China. Though possibly larger than appearances suggested, they did not look more than half the size of our home stock. Even when allowances are made for their present lack of condition their chance of making fine birds seemed remote. At the moment demand runs strongest for the black-necked species, mainly, it appears, because of the supposed wandering tendency of the Chinese type. In the cross-bred stock the ring is becoming less and less pronounced, so that in the course of time the true black neck character of bird may become predominant. At one time there were very few about, but careful selection has since increased the breeding stock, hence in the course of a few seasons supply may get level with the demand. Meanwhile the Mongolian is making good headway, the apparent situation being that the somewhat composite stock which remained after the war is being rapidly sorted out into the original fixed types. Much may be said in favour of what might be termed the English blend, this being analogous to the American human type which, though possessing marked individuality, does not profess to be the product of pure ancestry.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE GREEN PLOVER.

In the course of my journey, which covered the route from Croydon to Horsham, thence through Mid-Sussex to Arundel and Chichester, I kept a good look-out for specimens of the green plover, but must confess that they were few and far between. What was noticeable was the immense concourse of rooks, presumably nearly all old birds, which were to be seen along the whole route. In their search for food they obviously scrutinised in detail every yard of open space, their mode of search being so thorough that surely no plover's nest could escape discovery. That the modern rook is a systematic egg thief is hardly open to question having regard to the way they plunder, if permitted, any pheasant pens which are open to the sky. The amount of egg stealing for which they are responsible varies with the supply of their more natural food, which is broadly classed as insects. This year life must have been difficult up to Easter, though since then their normal fare has been abundant. Last year was remarkable for its almost complete absence of insect life, the year before repeated the 1921 drought till summer was well advanced, hence there have been three seasons antecedent to the present one when every possible reason existed for the plundering of plover and other eggs. This season the later nesting birds will enjoy unaccustomed opportunities to replenish their population, for besides a relaxation of enemy attacks on their nests there will presumably be abundant food during the whole period when the young nestlings are themselves in greatest need. My only reason for emphasising these simple and obvious truths is to show that agitations, such as that still continuing against human interference with the plover, for the better protection of bird life would be far more effective in advancing their ostensible purpose if those who stimulate them would take the wide impersonal view. At present there is not enough science and far too much propaganda in the attitude taken up. In political questions we expect the merits of a question to be lost in its controversial aspects, but surely some effort might be made to lift nature problems on to a higher plane.

SHORT GUN BARRELS.

Mr. G. Graham S. Grundy writes: "The writer of 'Shooting Notes' may be interested to hear that all last season, from August 12th to the end, I shot with 26in. barrels, both being half-choke. No difference whatever was observed on account of their shortness, and I was quite pleased with the result."



PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON MAY 14TH.

well notwithstanding the comparative absence of sun which had marked their early days in this stressful world. Others were in process of gaining their first strength in the foster-mother incubators, while another large batch was shortly due for the chipping stage. Thus the date named may be considered to mark the beginning of rearing field operations for this particular season, which, by the way, is not remarkable for lateness. Undoubtedly the wet muddy condition of the coverts and ditches is not good for the wild broods, on the other hand there is a great plenty of insect life and at last a turn to summer warmth which has worked wonders during the time it has lasted.

PHEASANTS' EGGS AS A MENU ITEM.

At Liphook I naturally found them in the throes of their very busy season, a substantial consignment of egg baskets by the train which carried me home supplying further evidence that supplies are going out to customers in a steady flow. As usual an entirely fresh piece of ground carries the laying pens, these forming an impressive array when viewed from the opposite hill-side. Rather an interesting incidental discussion arose in connection with the proportion of small, and for other reasons doubtful, eggs which are sorted out as not being suitable for despatch to rearers. Some years ago I was the recipient of a gift of these "dud" eggs and in a hopeful rather than wise mood delivered a clutch for hatching to a friend who amuses himself in a small way with such experiments. They did not do well, and my assumption was that they had been de-fertilised by raising to the critical temperature, whatever it may be. Apparently this was not so, the eggs being merely those which trained experience rejects as defective. In certain restaurants pheasants' eggs